

HOPKINS

MEDLEY.


'90.







PROFESSOR IRA REMSEN,
ACTING PRESIDENT.



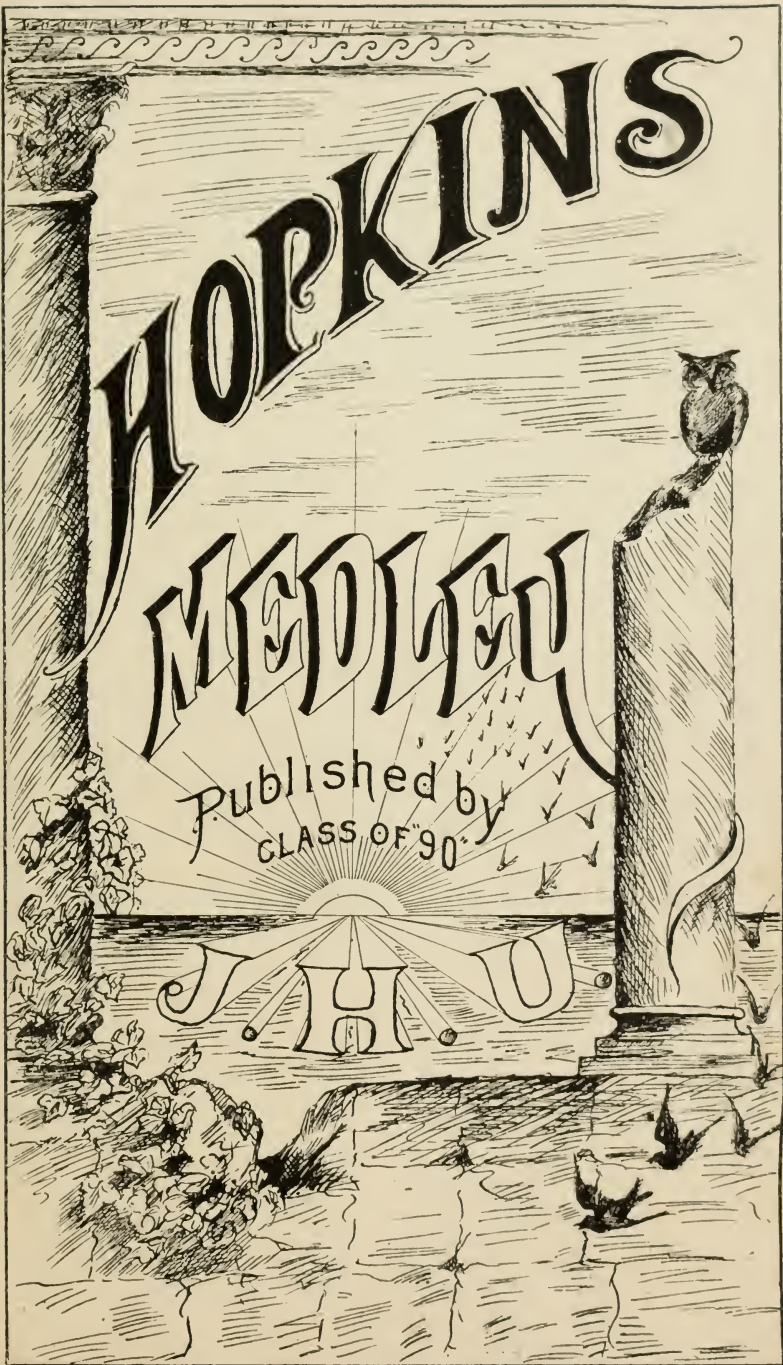
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HOPKINS MEDLEY

Published by
CLASS OF '90

J H U



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EDITORS.

VERNON COOK.

RALPH ERSKINE CARSON.

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SAMUEL HARRIS GUGGENHEIMER.

GEORGE CLARENCE MORRISON.

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EDWIN STANTON FAUST.

SIDNEY MILLION CONE.

PREFACE.

"And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in."

—MACBETH IV. I.

As may be seen from the above verses, the *Hopkins Medley* is typified by the witch's cauldron in the drama of Macbeth. Like those weird beings the editors and business managers have sought far and wide for the ingredients of their mixture, and have tried to compound it under the most propitious circumstances. First, the business managers have maintained a bright and constant fire. The flame ascending from this, in the form of a *cone*, has so warmed the cauldron that almost constantly we may hear the *hiss* of the boiling waters; while one, from his birth a *cook*, has assisted in preparing and stirring the contents. We hope that the result will not prove unpalatable.

Occasionally the reader will find a serious thought, and at other times (may we express the fond hope?) it is intended that he should smile. We have endeavored to publish only original matter, yet, if any of the alleged jokes are old and gray-haired, please receive them with that reverence which is ever due to age.

Nearly two years ago the Class of '90 conceived the idea of issuing an annual. Once we deferred action, and made way for *The Debutante*. The plan and scope of our work has been so much enlarged that it cannot be considered a continuation of '89's publication, but is, we hope, the first of a long line of *Medleys* to be issued by succeeding classes.

Finally, in submitting the *Medley* to the members of the University and the general public, the editors wish, in behalf of the class, to acknowledge their indebtedness to all the many friends who have assisted them in their task, and particularly to Acting President Remsen for his article on the University, to Mr. Samuel Snowden for legal advice, and to Mr. A. Lee Zeigler (*nom-de-plume*, Lee Woodward) for assistance in the artistic work. We also most cordially thank the other classes, the graduate students, the Fraternity Chapters, and local organizations for their contributions.

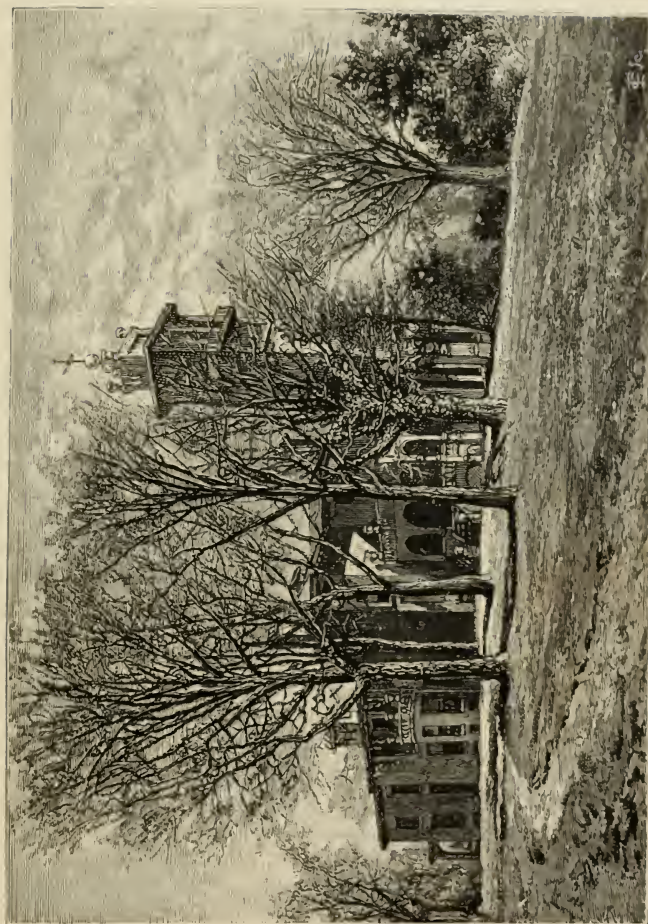
THE "DEBUTANTE'S" SECOND SEASON.

The "type" from every "font" they took
Of morals, fashion, dress,
"Set up" before mine eyes, you see,
Before I went "to press"—

My name upon the catalogue
Of fame no staff or "scrip"
I held, nor e'en a "stick," but "bound"
That I "by gum" *would* stick—

True to myself till "leaves" should fall,
When I would be "rebound,"
To seek a "covering" in the "craft"—
Where "mates," they say, are found.

But mates are scarce, so I shall make
A "*Medley*" of myself;
But in my second season out
Don't "put me on the shelf."



ATHLETIC CLUB HOUSE.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

"We should be glad to have you write something for our Class-book. You know President Gilman wrote something for the Class of '89." There was positively nothing to do but assent. To write "something" is always a difficult matter, even though that something is intended for a class-book.

To take the University as a theme would, in the present instance, be almost as bad as to take the universe, and yet it must be the University. The circumstances exclude all other possibilities. What can be said that has not been said over and over again, and that will be likely to be interesting for more than a day? Statistics will never do. They are in type and at every one's disposal. The number of teachers, and of students, the attendance upon different courses—for these please see the "Circular." Must it be the finances? There seems to be no escape. A word, then, on this subject.

The facts are well known to all the readers of this book. The anxious days, the relief, the rejoicing followed in quick succession in the most exciting, most important year in the history of the University. There was a mighty struggle for existence. The spectator was the world. Is the struggle over? That is the question we are now asking. For three years we can continue our work without contraction, and in that time it is hoped that arrangements will be made by which our finances will be placed upon a solid footing. Our adversity has brought us friends, and has given us a place in this community which years of prosperity could not have given us. In this fact we find our principal consolation. As to the future, the reports of the railroad company with which the fortunes of the University are so closely connected, give good grounds for hope. These reports appear to show that the affairs of the road are rapidly improving, and there are signs that the cloud which has for some time hung over the treasurer's department of the University has "a silver lining."



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ACADEMIC STAFF, 1889—'90.

- DANIEL C. GILMAN, LL. D., *President of the University.*
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 HENRY A. ROWLAND, PH. D., *Professor of Physics and Director of the Physical Laboratory.*
 WILLIAM H. WELCH, M. D., *Professor of Pathology.*
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 MAURICE BLOOMFIELD, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology.*
 WILLIAM K. BROOKS, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Animal Morphology and Director of the Chesapeake Zoölogical Laboratory.*
 WILLIAM T. COUNCILMAN, M. D., *Associate Professor of Anatomy.*
 THOMAS CRAIG, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Mathematics.*
 LOUIS DUNCAN, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Electricity.*
 A. MARSHALL ELLIOTT, PH. D., *Associate Professor of the Romance Languages.*
 RICHARD T. ELY, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Political Economy.*
 GEORGE HENRY EMMOTT, A. M., *Associate Professor of Logic and Lecturer on Roman Law.*
 FABIAN FRANKLIN, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Mathematics.*
 WILLIAM S. HALSTED, M. D., *Associate Professor of Surgery.*
 HOWARD A. KELLY, A. M., M. D., *Associate Professor of Gynecology and Obstetrics.*
 ARTHUR L. KIMBALL, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Physics.*

HARMON N. MORSE, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Chemistry and Sub-Director of the Chemical Laboratory.*
 EDWARD H. SPIEKER, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Greek and Latin.*
 MINTON WARREN, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Latin.*
 GEORGE H. WILLIAMS, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Mineralogy.*
 HENRY WOOD, PH. D., *Associate Professor of German.*
 ETHAN A. ANDREWS, PH. D., *Associate in Biology.*
 JAMES W. BRIGHT, PH. D., *Associate in English.*
 WILLIAM HAND BROWNE, M. D., *Librarian, and Associate in English.*
 WILLIAM B. CLARK, PH. D., *Associate in Palaeontology.*
 EDWARD M. HARTWELL, M. D., PH. D., *Associate in Physical Training and Director of the Gymnasium.*
 WILLIAM F. C. HASSON, *Associate in Applied Mechanics.*
 MARION D. LEARNED, PH. D., *Associate in German.*
 EDWARD RENOUF, PH. D., *Associate in Chemistry.*
 HENRY A. TODD, PH. D., *Associate in Romance Languages.*
 PHILIP R. UHLER, *Associate in Natural History.*
 FREDERICK M. WARREN, PH. D., *Associate in French and German.*
 ALEXANDER C. ABBOTT, M. D., *Assistant in Bacteriology and Hygiene.*
 CYRUS ADLER, PH. D., *Instructor in the Semitic Languages.*
 WILLIAM S. ALDRICH, M. E., *Instructor in Drawing.*
 JOSEPH S. AMES, A. B., *Assistant in Physics.*
 CHARLES A. BORST, A. M., *Assistant in Astronomy.*
 CHARLES H. CHAPMAN, A. B., *Instructor in Mathematics.*
 GEORGE W. EDMOND, A. B., *Assistant in Chemistry.*
 CHARLES H. HASKINS, A. B., *Instructor in History.*
 GUSTAV A. LIEBIG, JR., PH. D., *Assistant in Electricity.*
 CHARLES L. SMITH, PH. D., *Instructor in History.*
 KIRBY W. SMITH, PH. D., *Instructor in Latin.*
 ARTHUR C. WIGHTMAN, PH. D., *Senior Demonstrator of Physiology.*

READERS FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

WALTER B. SCAIFE, LL. B., *Lectures on Historical Geography.*
 ALBERT SHAW, PH. D., *Nine Lectures on Municipal Government.*
 JOHN M. VINCENT, A. B., *Six Lectures on Libraries and Literary Methods.*
 WOODROW WILSON, PH. D., LL. D., *Lectures during the second half-year on Administration.*

ADDITIONAL ASSISTANTS FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

The following names are those of graduate students who render more or less service to the University:

E. C. APPEGARTH, A. B.— <i>Biology.</i>	H. T. FERNALD, S. B.— <i>Biology.</i>
W. M. ARNOLT, PH. D.— <i>New Testament Greek.</i>	H. W. MAGOUN, A. M.— <i>Gymnasium.</i>
F. B. CULVER, A. B.— <i>Latin.</i>	L. M. PASSANO, A. B.— <i>Mathematics.</i>
G. P. DREYER, A. B.— <i>Biology.</i>	W. W. RANDALL, A. B.— <i>Chemistry.</i>
E. W. FAY, A. M.— <i>Sanskrit.</i>	LEON IBN ABI SULEIMAN.— <i>Arabic Conversation.</i>

SKETCHES OF PROFESSORS.

President Daniel Coit Gilman was born on the sixth day of July, 1831, in Norwich, Connecticut.

In the year 1852 he graduated at Yale, after which he continued his studies, first in New Haven and later in Berlin.

He travelled extensively in Europe, giving special attention to the social, political and educational aspects of the countries which he visited, as well as to their physical structure.

In 1855, having returned from Europe, he accepted the position of Librarian of Yale University. Afterwards he became also Professor of Physical and Political Geography there, and Secretary of the Governing Board of the Sheffield Scientific School.

For a time Dr. Gilman was Superintendent of the Public Schools of New Haven, and subsequently of the State Board of Education. In 1870, while still at Yale, he was called to become the first President of the University of California. This call he declined, but accepted a similar one two years later.

In 1875 he was elected President of the Johns Hopkins University, then just on the point of being opened. The degree to which he has contributed to the success of this institution, both in its infancy and in its cloudy days, is well known to all.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon President Gilman by Harvard University in 1876, and by Columbia in 1887.

Prof. Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve was born in Charles-town, S. C., October 23d, 1831. Having graduated at Princeton in 1849, he went to Europe, where, for some years, he studied at the Universities of Bonn, Berlin and Göttingen. At the last named institution he took the degree of PH. D., in the year 1853.

On returning to this country, Dr. Gildersleeve was elected Professor of Greek in the University of Virginia, where he remained from 1856 to 1876. From 1861 to 1866 he occupied also the Chair of Latin in that University.

On the establishment of this University, Prof. Gildersleeve was called to the Chair of Greek here, which position he has since held.

Prof. Gildersleeve received the honorary degree of LL. D. from the College of William and Mary, in 1869, and from Harvard University, in 1886. In 1884 he received the degree of D. C. L. from the University of the South. He is an honorary member of the Cambridge (Eng.) Philological Society and of the Philological Syllogos of Constantinople.

Prof. Edward Herrick Griffin was born in Williamstown, Mass., November 18th, 1843. He was educated at Williams College, where he was graduated in 1862.

After this he taught for a year in the Albany (N. Y.) Academy.

In 1863 Dr. Griffin went to the **Princeton** Theological Seminary, where he studied for two years, with an interval of one year spent as instructor in Williams College. He then went to Union Theological Seminary, in N. Y., where he graduated in theology in 1867.

Dr. Griffin's first and only pastorate was in the First Congregational Church of Burlington, Vermont. He remained there for five years, after which he was elected Professor of Latin in Williams College, where he afterwards also occupied the Chair of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. He remained there until the time of his coming to Baltimore.

Last October Prof. Griffin entered upon his duties in the Johns Hopkins University, as Professor of History of Philosophy, besides having the general control of the undergraduates, as Dean. He also has charge of the classes in Psychology and Ethics.

Dr. Griffin received the honorary degree of D. D. from Amherst in 1880, and that of LL. D. from Princeton in 1888.

Prof. Paul Haupt, born in Gorlitz, Germany, November 25th, 1858, was educated first at the Gorlitz Gymnasium, and later at the Universities of Berlin and Leipsic. At Leipsic he took the degree of PH. D. in 1878.

Dr. Haupt was private tutor at the University of Göttingen in 1880, and Professor of Assyriology there in 1883. In the same year he accepted an invitation to become Professor of the Semitic Languages in the Johns Hopkins University.

Prof. Haupt introduced the principle of the neogrammarians into semitic philology, and discovered the Sumerian dialect in 1880. He is an associate editor of "Hebräer."

Prof. Henry Newell Martin was born in Newry, Ireland, on the 1st of July, 1848.

He studied at University College, London, and from the University of London received the degrees of B. S., in 1870; M. B., in 1871, and DR. SC., in 1872, where also he was appointed University Scholar in Zoölogy and Physiology.

From the University of London, he went to Christ College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B. A., in 1874, and that of M. A., in 1877. He became Fellow of his College, as well as Lecturer on Natural History.

At the opening of the Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Martin was called to the Chair of Biology here, where he is also Director of the Biological laboratory.

Prof. Martin is a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, besides being a member of many scientific societies in the United States.

In 1881 he had conferred upon him the honorary degree of M. D. by the University of Georgia. In 1883 he was appointed Croonian Lecturer of the Royal Society of London for that year.

He is editor of the "Studies from the Biological Laboratory," and associate editor of the "The Journal of Physiology."

Dr. Martin was associated with Thomas B. Huxley in the preparation of his "Practical Biology" (1876), and is the author of "The Human Body" (1881), and, with William A. Moale, of a "Hand-book of Vertebrate Dissection"—(three parts, 1881-1884).

Dr. Simon Newcomb was born in Wallace, N. S., March 12th, 1835. He was educated by his father, and taught for a time. Having come to the United States in 1853, during 1854-6 he taught in Maryland.

In 1857 he became computer on the "Nautical Almanac," then published in Cambridge, Mass. He entered the Lawrence Scientific School, where he graduated in 1858. For three years after that he continued there as a graduate student.

In 1861 Prof. Newcomb was chosen Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy, being put on duty at the U. S. Naval Observatory in Washington.

In 1871 he was appointed Secretary of the Commission created by Congress to observe the transit of Venus in 1874. In 1877 he became Senior Professor of Mathematics in the U. S. Navy, with the rank of Captain, and has since had charge of the "American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac."

In addition to these duties, Dr. Newcomb is Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in this University.

Even a brief list of his writings cannot be given here, as the results of his scientific works are embodied in over one hundred papers and memoirs. His books on Astronomy and Mathematics are well known to many.

Prof. Newcomb is a member of all the prominent scientific societies in the world. He is editor of the "American Mathematical Journal." In 1874 he received the degree of LL. D. from Columbian University of Washington; the same from Yale in 1875, from Harvard in 1884 and from Columbia in 1887. On the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the University of Leipzig, he had conferred upon him the degree of PH. D., and he received the same honor from the University of Heidelberg on its five hundredth anniversary, in 1886.

Dr. William Osler was born in Tecumseh, Ontario, July 12th, 1849. He received his education at Trinity College, Toronto, at the Toronto School of Medicine and at the McGill University, receiving his degree of M. D. at the last named institution in 1872. He subse-

quently went abroad and prosecuted his studies in London, Berlin and Vienna.

After returning to America, Dr. Osler was Professor in the Institute of Medicine in Montreal, from 1874 until 1884. He was then called to the University of Pennsylvania, where he held the Chair of Clinical Medicine until coming to Baltimore, at the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. He there holds the position of Physician of the Hospital, at the same time being Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine in this University.

In 1885, Dr. Osler was appointed Galstonian Lecturer in the Royal College of Physicians, London, and in 1886, Cartwright Lecturer in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

He is author of many valuable contributions to medicine, and has written for various medical journals both in this country and in Great Britain and Canada.

Prof. Ira Remsen was born in New York City on the 10th of February, 1846.

After studying at the College of the City of New York, he was graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia in 1867.

About this time he selected chemistry as his profession, and went to Germany in order further to prosecute his studies.

After studying a year at Munich, and two years at Göttingen, he received the degree of PH. D. at Göttingen, in 1870. During the next two years he remained in Tübingen as assistant in the laboratory of the University of that place, having gone thither at the invitation of Prof. Rudolph Fittig.

Returning then to the United States, Dr. Remsen accepted the Professorship of Chemistry and Physics in Williams College, where he remained until called to the Johns Hopkins University, in 1876.

Among his special scientific researches are those "On the Relation of Oxygen, Ozone and Active Oxygen," and "On the Chemical Action in Magnetism." In the latter, evidence was for the first time given that chemical action is sometimes influenced by magnetism.

In 1879 Dr. Remsen founded the "American Chemical Journal," which he has since edited.

Prof. Henry Augustus Rowland, the son of the Rev. Henry Augustus Rowland, of Connecticut, was born in Honesdale, Pa., Nov. 27th, 1848. He attended Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, where he graduated as a Civil Engineer in 1870. During the year 1871, he was employed in surveying a railroad in the western part of the State of New York. He afterwards taught for a time in Wooster University, but returned, in 1872, to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute as Instructor in Physics, becoming, in 1874, Assistant Professor.

About 1875, Prof. Rowland spent a year abroad, studying with

Helmholtz in Berlin, and examining some of the physical laboratories in Europe. In 1876 he was called to the then new Johns Hopkins University, where he occupies the Chair of Physics, besides having charge of the physical laboratory.

In 1880 Prof. Rowland had conferred upon him by this University the honorary degree of PH. D.

Dr. William H. Welch was born in Norfolk, Conn. He graduated at Yale College in the year 1870 with the degree of A. B., and in the year 1875 received the degree of M. D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. He further prosecuted his studies abroad, being for a time a student under Professor Cohnheim of Leipsic.

On returning to this country, Dr. Welch became Professor of Pathological Anatomy and General Pathology in the Bellevue Hospital of New York. Here he remained until the spring of 1884, when he accepted a call to the Professorship of Pathology in Johns Hopkins University. He is at the same time connected with the Johns Hopkins Hospital.





JOHNS HOPKINS.

Johns Hopkins, the founder of our University, was born in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, May 19, 1795. His father, Samuel Hopkins, was of English descent, and his mother, Hannah Janney, was descended from the well-known Janney family of Virginia. The parents belonging to the Society of Friends, Johns was brought up in the same belief, which he retained until his death. His inclination towards the "Friends" was often shown, upon one occasion by the gift of \$3,000 towards building a meeting-house for them.

Johns Hopkins was the oldest of eleven children, and naturally much dependence was placed on him so that he was compelled to help on his father's farm. Yet he received a fair education by going to school in the winter months and by devouring all the books and papers which he could procure. When seventeen years old he left his home and came to Baltimore, where he entered the employment of his uncle, Gerard T. Hopkins, in the wholesale grocery business.

Here he showed such zeal and industry that in a short time he gained the full confidence of his uncle and made many friends.

Two years later Gerard T. Hopkins was compelled to make a long trip, and had such confidence in Johns that to him was entrusted the entire business. On his uncle's return it was found that his nephew had, through his natural shrewdness, done much better than was even expected. In 1819, seven years after leaving home, having accumulated about \$800, and his uncle promising to endorse for him, he entered into partnership with another young man, B. P. Moore, in the grocery business. This partnership was dissolved three years later when he formed partnership with his two brothers, and so founded the house of Hopkins Brothers, from which he retired in 1847 after twenty-five years of success. After this he engaged in the banking business and was elected President of the Merchants' Bank. This position he held at the time of his death, as also a directorship in several other banks.

Mr. Hopkins was also much interested in railroads, particularly in the Baltimore and Ohio, of which he was a director. In 1855 he was chosen chairman of the Finance Committee of that road. Two years later, when the Baltimore and Ohio became financially embarrassed, owing to its branch roads, it was Johns Hopkins who endorsed its notes in full, and so risked his entire fortune. But he saved the company. Again, in 1873, he risked \$2,000,000 of his stock, and advanced \$900,000 to the Baltimore and Ohio in order to allow them to pay their interest in cash while other companies issued scrip. He had so much confidence in this company that he alone owned between 15,000 and 17,000 shares of its stock; and it was this stock which, after his death, was bequeathed to the University and caused the trustees so much uneasiness last year.

Johns Hopkins, after an industrious career and beloved by all, died in Baltimore December 24, 1873, at the age of seventy-eight years.

His estate was estimated at about \$10,000,000, of which he left about 7,000,000 to the University and Hospital, and the balance partly to his relatives and partly for other designated purposes. He was not married.

The endowment for the University was "unconditional" with these exceptions. The capital cannot be used for building, and the University shall be unsectarian and free from political control. The entire gift of the University consisted of "Clifton" (Johns Hopkins's residence), which contains about 330 acres of land; 15,000 shares of Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stock, and other securities to the amount of \$750,000. The entire endowment is estimated at about \$3,000,000. The University was incorporated by Johns Hopkins and twelve of his friends on the 24th of August, 1867. The public exercises attending the inauguration of its President took place

February 22, 1876, and the University opened for work October 3, 1876.

The Hospital, which he also endowed with about \$3,500,000, is to co-öperate with the University in educating the people. The condition was that it should relieve the poor, irrespective of creed, color or race, but that there should also be provision at the Hospital for those who might be able to pay. The grounds for the Hospital cover about thirteen acres, and the Hospital was formally opened May 7, 1889.

Besides the University and Hospital, Johns Hopkins also founded an Asylum for Colored Children "who have lost their parents, or only one parent, or in exceptional cases children who are not orphans but may be in need of charity." It can be seen from this sketch that Johns Hopkins was a true friend to all, irrespective of color or race, and many cases can be found where he helped industrious people to improve their condition. Many business men also owe their success to the advice and money of Johns Hopkins.

M.



COMMEMORATION DAY.

The John Hopkins University celebrated its fourteenth anniversary February 22, 1890, by public exercises at the Mt. Vernon M. E. Church and an Alumni Reunion in Hopkins Hall. The students, professors and invited guests marched in procession to the church at half-past ten o'clock. Dr. E. M. Hartwell was the chief marshal, Dr. Edward Renouf assistant marshal, and there was a large number of aids. Dr. Hartwell led the procession, escorted by the freshmen, junior and senior classes. Then came the trustees, the faculty, personally invited guests and officers of other institutions of learning, led by Dr. Renouf, and followed by the Alumni, the fellows by courtesy, and the candidates for degrees, fellows and graduate students.

The 22d of February has become a gala day for the under-graduates. While the procession was forming the Class of '91 rushed the Class of '92, and seized their colors, which were floating on a cane, but the valiant freshmen recovered them after a hard fight. On Monument street the dignified graduate class inveigled an organ-grinder into the ranks.

At the entrance of the church the under-graduates divided into two ranks, and the students removed their hats while the dignitaries marched through. Among those present in the church, which was crowded to overflowing, were, besides the faculty and trustees, who occupied seats on the platform, Messrs. S. Teackle Wallis, ex-Mayor F. C. Latrobe, Dr. Lewis Steiner, Lewis N. Hopkins, Professor Woodrow Wilson, Reverdy Johnson, Enoch Pratt, Judge Morris, F. D. Morrison, Charles Markell, Dr. Sanford of Clark University, Rev. J. Lefevre, Rev. Dr. Tuttle, General John S. Berry, Andrew Reid, Henry C. Wagner, Joseph Merrefield, Daniel Holliday, John Gill, Dr. H. M. Hurd, Dr. W. S. Halsted, Dr. N. H. Morrison, E. H. Perkins, L. Turnbull, Eugene Levering, Dr. H. M. Wilson and Rev. Dr. J. Grammer. The exercises began at eleven o'clock and lasted until after one o'clock.

Acting President Remsen read a letter of greeting from President Gilman, dated Taormina, Sicily, and then proceeded to make a forcible speech, in which he gave a review of the year, and discussed the needs of the University. He gave figures, showing the enormous expenditure involved in the support of other American and German universities, and, making the point that such institutions cannot stand still, but must expand, indicated the large field for the philanthropic enterprise of those noble men who desire to see their wealth bear fruition in great works.

Dean Griffin delivered an oration, in which was considered historically the influence of universities on the external world, and which, for scholarly insight and masterly arrangement, cannot be sufficiently praised. The exercises were interspersed with musical selections from Gaul's Quintet. On the conclusion of the public exercises the Alumni of the University and invited guests proceeded to Hopkins Hall, where a social gathering was held.



CLASS OF '90.

COLORS, - - - - - MAROON AND WHITE.

CLASS YELL;

NINETY! NINETY! GREAT AND MIGHTY!
HOO-RAH! HOO! FOR CLASS OF NINETY!

OFFICERS:

<i>President,</i>	JAMES CHEW JOHNSTON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	GEORGE CLARENCE MORRISON.
<i>Secretary,</i>	RALPH ERSKINE CARSON.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	EDWARD PARKIN KEECH.
<i>Historian,</i>	VERNON COOK.
<i>Poet,</i>	SAMUEL HARRIS GUGGENHEIMER.
<i>Prophet,</i>	SAMUEL GUY SNOWDEN.
Board of Directors,	{	.	.	.	THE PRESIDENT.
		.	.	.	VICE-PRESIDENT.
		.	.	.	SECRETARY.
		.	.	.	TREASURER.
		.	.	.	SAMUEL GUY SNOWDEN.
		.	.	.	VERNON COOK.
		.	.	.	HENRY MCELDERRY KNOWER.

MEMBERS.	GROUP.	STATE.
William Hand Browne, Δ. Φ.	IV	Maryland.
James Edmund Bryan, . . .	IV	Maryland.
Ralph Erskine Carson, . . .	I	Maryland.
William Henry Carson, . . .	I	New Jersey.
Sidney Million Cone, . . .	III	Maryland.
Vernon Cook, B. Θ. II. . . .	I	Maryland.
Edwin Stanton Faust, B. Θ. II.	III	Maryland.
Ned Arden Flood, Δ. T. Δ. . .	VI	Pennsylvania.
Herbert Friedenwald, . . .	VI	Maryland.
Fielding Hudson Garrison, . .	III	Washington, D. C.
Joseph Philip Gerry, . . .	VII	Maryland.
George William Gray, . . .	IV	Maryland.
Samuel Harris Guggenheimer, .	VI	Maryland.
Daniel Dorsey Guy, . . .	VI	Maryland.
James Chew Johnston, B. Θ. II.	III	Kentucky.
Edward Parkin Keech, A. Δ. Φ.	VI	Maryland.
Henry McElderry Knower, . .	III	Maryland.

MEMBERS.	GROUP.	STATE.
Sylvan Hayes Lauchheimer, . . .	VI . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Berwick Bruce Lanier, Φ. K. Ψ. . .	III . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Tilghman Brice Marden, . . .	III . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
George Clarence Morrison, A. Δ. Φ. . .	I . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Arthur Alexander Oehm, . . .	V . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Arthur Rosewald Oppenheimer, . . .	III . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Lyman Pierson Powell, Φ. Δ. Θ. . .	VI . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Samuel Guy Snowden, B. Θ. II. . .	I . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
James Earnest Stokes, Δ. Φ. . .	III . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Isaac Lobe Straus, . . .	VI . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Mordecai Strauss, . . .	IV . . .	<i>Pennsylvania.</i>
Charles Snowden Watts, . . .	VI . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
William Wallace Whitelock, . . .	VI . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
William Whitridge, Δ. Φ. . .	VI . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Adolph Grant Wolf, . . .	II . . .	<i>Washington, D. C.</i>
Frank Alfred Wolff, . . .	IV . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
James Homer Wright, A. Δ. Φ. . .	III . . .	<i>Pennsylvania.</i>
Oscar Woodward Zeigler, . . .	I . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>

SPECIAL STUDENTS.

Langdon Caskin, . . .	Biology. . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Robert Ware Grasty, . . .	History. . .	<i>Virginia.</i>
Hanson Hiss, K. Δ. II. . .	History. . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Walter Cathell Humphreys, . . .	Chemistry, etc. . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Eugene Levering, Jr., Δ. Φ. . .	History, etc. . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
William Bennett Paca, Δ. Φ. . .	History, etc. . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Howard Barry Shipley, A. Δ. Φ. . .	Mathematics, etc. . .	<i>Maryland.</i>

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Thomas Morris Brown, Φ. K. Ψ. . .	IV . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Charles Smith Lewis, . . .	I . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>
Alfred Jenkins Shriver, . . .	I . . .	<i>Maryland.</i>



CLASS HISTORY.

VERNON COOK.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."—*Vergil*.

The early records of the Class of '90 lie buried away in the office of Mr. Ball, the Registrar of the University. They recount how, in June, and again in October, of the year 1887, a motley band of aspiring youths ventured to present themselves for the so-called matriculation examination, at which the end generally attained is—not to matriculate. At the close of these interesting exercises a few, even more unfortunate than their comrades, were politely requested to withdraw their applications. The greater number, however, after being admonished of the necessity of studying certain conditions, not like those of Latin grammar, unreal or ideal, were admitted to the mysteries of J. H. U.

Thus began our career as freshmen. We were open to impressions, and were destined soon to receive them. We wandered aimlessly through the buildings, seeking for the Treasurer's office, our advisers, or the other curiosities of the institution. Soon order arose out of confusion. Everything seemed to be accomplished by means of the all-powerful bulletin board, whose word was law, and whose notices were posted by unseen hands. Classes were rapidly formed. We assembled for English at twelve o'clock promptly, and not at twelve-fifty, as some did later in the year, despite the fact that in this room we had the inexpressible pleasure of meeting the immortal "Chaucer."

In compliance with another edict of the bulletin board, we went to Hopkins Hall, where a trombone orchestra, otherwise known as the elocution class, performed daily until the middle of the year, when they were displaced by a band of charcoal criers, who later gave way to a troop of champion contortionists.

Then, again, we ascended to the fourth floor of the Howard-street buildings, from which elevation we were invited to view the beauties of the perspective, not out of the window, but on Professor N——'s blackboard.

Very soon after these events our class perfected its legal organization. We adopted a constitution and elected T. Morris Brown president. In those days he was heart and soul a member of '90, and doubtless he still retains much affection for his old class, notwithstanding that he now wears the red and black of '91. Moreover, as '91, the class of his adoption, has never been able to hold a banquet, he attended ours.

After this organization of the class we felt fully naturalized, and would have been quite comfortable had it not been for our health,

or "personal hygiene," which troubled us on every Friday afternoon from four to five o'clock, in the form of a lecture in the biological laboratory. The only cure yet discovered for this malady is the surgical operation of "cutting." On Friday morning there was another difficult course, though its difficulty was never realized until examination day. It was often called the class in "Pre-Historic History," but a large part of the time was devoted to map drawing and ancient religions.

Gradually we became acclimated, even to the physical geography of Central Asia and other distant lands. The studies offered presented truly an intellectual feast, served in seven courses, in all of which the sweetmeats of P. H. E. and drawing gave relish to the more substantial dishes, such as the Asclepiadean metres of Horace, or the hydrogen explosions of the chemical laboratory. The P. H. E. course served above all others to make us a class in spirit and reality. Some became bound to this group of studies in such a peculiar manner that they found it necessary to "cut" themselves away from it at least once a week. A few were so remarkably expert in the latter particular that the University contemplated giving them a special examination on this account.

Soon the December examinations were upon us, when, by a curious coincidence, many of those who lived elsewhere were suddenly attacked with homesickness. This may have been caused by too much dissipation in ponderous and indigestible notes, or perhaps by the mere inhalation of chlorine gas in the chemical laboratory. It may be of some interest to the general reader to see a picture of a freshman on the night before examination. First he plows through page after page of the books on which he is to be examined. Not infrequently he adds to these one or more works from that well-known osteological (i. e. Bohn) series. When all else is finished, he undertakes to go through two or three soporific note-books. This is generally the last straw which breaks the camel's back, or, more literally, the strongest dose of the opiate which lulls the student to sleep.

On Commemoration Day the class adopted their famous yell, and carried their colors—maroon and white—which had been selected some time before. At last that day arrived, ever memorable in the history of '90, upon which the spring sports were celebrated. This was the first opportunity which had been given to the class to show its prowess in athletics. Out of eleven contests between the students of the University, one fell to the graduate department, and two to each of the other classes, while six victories shed honor upon '90. These included the most noteworthy events of the day, as the one hundred yards dash, running high jump, one mile run, and running broad jump. The tug of war was also won by a team from '90. From the spring sports to the final examinations was but a short

period and was quickly passed. The finals over, we took immense delight in watching the candidates for admission, as with trembling steps and long faces they inquired the way to the examination room.

Vacation stands in the same relation to class history as do the dark ages to history in general. Of this period little is known. In October about five-sixths of our original number returned. They were no longer inexperienced conditioned freshmen, and they looked with pity upon poor '91. The history of this eventful year has been in large part written. We will mention here only a few details, which have been brought out recently by historical research.

First came the class meeting, at which officers for the year were elected. After adjournment followed the famous rush, in which '89 was so badly disabled; their own historian confessing that one of their men was laid up for a week. We had not intended to hurt '89 very badly, and probably a large part of their injuries were caused by their frantic efforts to escape from their much-feared assailants. About the same time we talked of issuing an annual. Later, however, it was learned that '89 would undertake this task, and consequently ours was deferred until the succeeding session.

After another vacation we enter on our final year. We are introduced to the study of the science of sciences, the art of arts, and the mathematics of hard and fast lines. It seems only proper to give the reader a glimpse of the class, as it is assembled for this favorite study. On the extreme left sits Willie Browne. It is difficult to keep all the Browns and Brownes separate, as there are ten of them at the University. This one was once treasurer for '90, and handled the money collected for the class pins, so far as known, without any attempt to visit foreign parts. Next him is his friend Bryan, who has a marked fondness for logical disputations. Then come the two Carsons, one a future lawyer in Washington State, the other secretary of the class and one of our editors. Beside the latter of these sits Snowden, the great upholder of the cap and gown. That dress is very becoming to him, and he has worked hard to have the class adopt it. So far his efforts have been in vain, which, as class *prophet*, he should have foreseen. Behind these sits Guggenheimer, class poet and a future politician. To his left are Gray and Grasty, both philosophers, and the latter one of our artists. Oehm is a musician and great admirer of the Germans. By his side is Oppenheimer, "class baby" and a future physician. A little further to the right is Powell, a well-balanced thinker, and author of the "History of Education in Delaware." I. L. Straus is an orator, and consequently a leader in the House of Commons. In front of these is Hiss, the discoverer of an African race with a green cast of countenance. (He must have thought the class "green" when he made this statement.) Further back is A. Wolf, not a dangerous one, however, and the author of our class yell. Still further back sits Paca, "class giant" (6 ft. 2 in.) Near by is F. A.

Wolff, the chemist. He and the two preceding constitute our class menagerie. In the last row is Caskin, one of our artists; also Marden, a future physician, and Humphreys a future lawyer. To the left is the other Strauss, another chemist, and clerk of the House of Commons. Whitelock is one of the "big" men of the foot-ball team. Behind these is Zeigler, the pride of the Tramp Club. He would have been a safe second in the great Westminster walk, had it not been for an unfortunate accident. As it was, he was brought home in a country wagon. Further on is Guy, base-ballist and logician. Then we see Wright, a good biologist with a philosophic turn of mind; Watts, who will some day adorn the legal profession; and Whitridge, our pretty boy. Next is Johnston, the class president. Then, side by side, we find Stokes, who has been mistaken for Strauss from the strong resemblance between the two; Lanier, who will help win the championship of the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association; and Morrison, otherwise known as "Slick." Next is Lauchheimer, one of the class jokers, though he is always ready to answer Professor E——'s deepest questions in induction. By his side is "Joe Beard," who occupies the same seat as Knower. Then comes Keech, the class treasurer—it has taken nearly all of his time recently to collect an assessment of twenty-five cents on each member of the class. We also see Cone, the best lacrosse goal keeper in this part of the country; Faust, who has negotiated so much of the business of our annual; Friedenwald, who will probably enter journalism; Gerry, another tramp; and last, but by no means least, our witty and original Flood, who, it seems, has certainly been on the earth more than forty days.

From the opening of the University there was a strong effort made to introduce the cap and gown. The Class of '90, by its dignified decision, quenched the ardor of the supporters of this innovation. One of the most prominent leaders in the gown movement was S. Guy Snowden, our class prophet. There is, however, another would-be prophet who predicts as follows:

"'Tis 19—, and a bright Sunday morning. The streets are filled with crowds, coming and going hither and thither, but amidst the throng we can easily distinguish that the larger portion are tending in one direction. Let us follow the crowd. It leads to a handsome church. We enter. The organ peals forth, and in walks *Bishop Snowden*, who will preach this morning."

Let us return to history. The class in psychology was identical with that in logic, which has been above described, but "*Baldwin's Handbook*" is shrouded in such a veil of mystery for most of us that it would be unwise to do more than mention it.

In December we held a successful and memorable banquet. The strong temperance tendencies of the class were shown by the fact that only one member disappeared beneath the table.

Professor Emmott's reception to the class will be long remembered, even though we may cease to hear the booming of the canons of logic, proclaiming that "Socrates is a man," or that "All S is P," and though we may no longer be lulled to sleep by the rhyme of "Barbara, Celarent."

On the 22d of February the members of '90 conducted themselves in a dignified manner, becoming their position as seniors, and smiled serenely at the noisy ostentation of '91 and '92. The former of these were so very boistrous that the chief marshal suggested to them that they might be mistaken for the trustees. Finally '91 attempted to rush '92, whereupon the latter class not only repulsed their assailants, but made Howard street look very clean and '91 very dirty. As usual, however, '90 carried off the honors of the day by engaging professional musical talent, which preceded them to Mt. Vernon Church.

The career of '90 has not yet closed, for some three months of college life yet remain; but the history must break off abruptly at this point.

Before laying aside his pen, the historian deems it only just that he should make known to the reader some of the great individuals who are members of our class. We have poets from "Chaucer" to Gray, and from Gray to Lanier; also that great literary leader, Johns(t)on; the well-known writer of hymns, Watts; and the patriarch, Knower. Once, indeed, a George Washington was found upon our roll, but, properly enough, that was in our early history. Benjamin Franklin was also to be seen in the days of P. H. E. Alas! these two great Americans are no longer with us. Can it be that they were swept away by our Flood? Above all we make bold to say that our future is predestined to be noble and honorable, for come what may, we will ever have (W)right on our side.

Classmates, before we separate, let us in all seriousness look back upon the record of our class. It need cause no one of you to blush. Hitherto class spirit has not been high at the J. H. U. Some of the former classes did not have even an organized existence. From the first the Class of '90 has elected officers annually, and held regular meetings. We adopted class colors and a class yell early in our history, and we alone have a class pin. We have entered into athletics and done well, as the records already referred to show. This is the only class now at the University which has held a class banquet, and is the second to publish an annual. In all the branches of athletics, and in all societies connected with student life, members of '90 are among the leaders. In scholarship we are not brought into direct competition with other classes, but by no means would we shrink from the comparison.

Let us, then, take a just pride in saying, "I belong to the CLASS OF '90."

CLASS POEM.

SAMUEL H. GUGGENHEIMER.

THE ROSE OF NINETY.

I.

A blooming Rose in a Garden grew,
A fragrant flower of roseate hue,
A specimen rare, a phenomenon new,
This Rose, called the Rose of Ninety.

II.

A lovely Maiden was also there
With blushing cheeks and gold-tinged hair,
A Maiden sweet and passing fair,
This Maiden, the Fate of Ninety.

III.

Her hazel eyes are bright and tender,
Delicious is her figure slender;
Such beauty did the Gods engender
As the glorious Fate of Ninety.

IV.

The beautiful Maiden the garden treads
'Mid the fragrant breath of the flower beds,
Whose blooming treasures lift their heads
To entreat the Maiden of Ninety.

V.

Especially plead Ninety-One and Two:
Tears they shed of glittering dew,
And wail as the Maiden passes from view,
In envy, "Poor old Ninety."

VI.

For with head high tossed and sparkling eye,
Yet with gracious smile she passes them by,
And looks with a longing, quivering sigh
On the sweet-smelling Rose of Ninety.

VII.

She detaches it from its majestic stem,
Caresses its petals and kisses them,
On her bosom, places this matchless gem,
This gem—the Rose of Ninety.

VIII.

Ah! the happiness rare so softly to rest
On the Maiden's tender, heaving breast;
'Twas a taste of Heaven, divinely blest,
The Rose with the Fate of Ninety.

IX.

But a cruel breeze through the garden blew
And, reaching the place where the roses grew,
Caught up our Rose, whose petals flew
Away from the Fate of Ninety.

X.

Away flew the petals, the breeze before,
The numerous petals—some thirty or more,
And all hope was lost the Rose to restore,
The unfortunate Rose of Ninety.

XI.

But the sobbing Maid took bravely her stand,
With a desperate love reached forth her hand
And caught a few of the scattered band,
A few of the petals of Ninety.

XII.

Ah! these few were most divinely blest;
She kissed them tenderly, sweetly caressed,
And placed them again in her heaving breast,
These fortunate petals of Ninety.

XIII.

But the others rose in the heavens blue,
Some in the clouds forever flew,
While others reached earth and the ocean too,
The scattered petals of Ninety.

XIV.

What this story means I trust that you see:
The Class of Ninety must parted be.
Some will rest in the lap of Love,
Some will fly to the realms above.
Happy they in the bosom of Love,
Storm-tossed they in the clouds above.

XV.

Peaceful those lives that mere peace desire,
But alas, for the breast where ambition's fire
Urges on the man to long, to aspire,
To ever advance still higher and higher;
For these will meet with envy and hate,
These will be tossed on the billows of Fate.

XVI.

But whatever occurs in the after life,
Whatever storms, whatever strife,
The Class of Ninety will foremost be
In the struggle for Right and Liberty;
The grandest yield e'er by Hopkins made
To be at the feet of Progress laid.



THE CLASS PROPHECY;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE.

BY S. GUY SNOWDEN.

"He'd lay the future open."

'Twas a midnight, dark and dreary. The winds blew, and the rain fell with such violence that all nature seemed angry and about to vent its fury on the earth. The student sat in his chamber, studying the Psycho-physic law, but, finding its meaning too deep for his penetration, threw the "manly book" aside. Seized with a spirit of restlessness, he sauntered out into the darkness of the night. As he walked along, his thoughts were occupied with the contemplation of the future of the "great and mighty" class. The Logic class loomed up before his vision, and as the faces of his fellow-sufferers came up before him, he was seized with a mighty desire to know of their future.

"Ah!" quoth he, "if some spirit would only remove the veil which separates the present from the future, and let me see what my classmates will be doing in the years to come, how happy I would be!"

Just then a cold chill ran down his back and he felt that a mighty wind had arisen. An awful feeling of loneliness came over him, and on looking around at his surroundings, he became conscious of the fact that he was in a thick forest. The trees shook violently, and the moaning of the wind was appalling. He stopped short and said: "Methinks I hear a voice, or does my consciousness misinterpret my sense of hearing?" Turning to the right he beheld a mighty shade, which had the form of a man. It was clothed in a flowing garment, and wore a beard as long as the one which the frightened student had seen many a time cover the smiling features of Stokes.

"Who art thou?" he asked, "that darest to visit my haunts at this unseasonable hour?"

"I am a weary student, worn out physically, psychologically and logically," quoth I.

"What dost thou wish here on such a night? Surely thou seekest something precious on which the life of some one depends."

"Most worthy sir, thy case of immediate inference is correct. I seek to know the future of the greatest and most learned class of the Johns Hopkins University—the Class of '90. But I am only a mortal whose province is not to know the things which shall come to pass in the future; and so I must have the help of some one whose piercing eyes can penetrate the veil which checks my vision. Unless I commit an *à priori* fallacy, thou thyself art one who has the power to give me this aid."

"Thou hast great intuition," quoth he. "Verily it is in my power to reveal the things to come, as I am none other than the Spirit of the Future himself. If thou would'st know the things which are now hidden, take the shoes from off thy feet, uncover thy head, and follow me to yonder hill, where I will gratify thy desire."

The student did as he was commanded, and followed the Shade to the hill.

"Be thou quiet, and move not thyself, if thou would'st see clearly all that is to be revealed. Look to the East! What dost thou see?"

"A large city, paved with cobblestones, having now and then a street paved with asphalt or Belgian blocks. I see stately-looking buildings which look like—Ah! I know! They are the buildings of a university."

"Thou hast hit the nail on the head, my child."

Thereupon the Spirit commanded the picture to come nearer, and the student was enabled to distinguish people moving to and fro.

"Now what dost thou see?" he asked.

"I see a man entering one of the buildings, who walks as though he were a great man. And the side of the building is open, and I see two large rooms, one on the first floor and one on the second, both crowded with people. Now I see that same man entering the room on the first floor, and in the upper room I see a stout man behind the lecture desk writing chemical formulae on the blackboard. Pray, sir, what does all this mean?"

"The one on the first floor is the renowned Professor Joe Beard, who has made such a reputation in his Department of Zoology that he has just been appointed to fill that chair in the great University of Maryland."

"Oh, Joe! I never dreamed this of thee," exclaimed the student.

"But the gentleman whom thou seest writing the chemical formulae is none other than the celebrated Professor F. A. Wolff, who has made quite a reputation from the fact that he was a pupil of Remsen, the greatest chemist the world has ever produced. Professor Wolff has just been installed as Professor of Chemistry in the University of Maryland."

The side of the building closed, and at the direction of his guide the student turned his eyes to another part of the city. The people were all hurrying in the same direction, and each one seemed to be trying to be the first to arrive at the place whither they were all going. They stopped all of a sudden in front of a magnificent church, and then quietly entered it. "What does this mean?" I asked. "The inhabitants of this city are not in the habit of attending church, but there is a great attraction there now. Look, and thou canst see through the walls of the structure. In the pulpit sits the great preacher, the Rev. Dr. Carson, who, if he belonged to any other

denomination, would now be a bishop. He is the most famous preacher in the land, and one whose life is such that he commands the respect and admiration of his fellow-countrymen."

"But who is that fluffy-haired, thin man who sits in the pulpit with the Doctor?"

"That is an old classmate of yours, known by you as Wild Oscar, but whose real name is Ziegler. He spent one year in the ministry, but made such a sight of himself by skipping around the pulpit and by twisting himself into all sorts of shapes, that, by the advice of his presbytery, he has become a *tramp*. That dudish-looking fellow with sideboards, who is sitting on the front row writing very rapidly, is Spartacus, the great writer and journalist. He is editor of that large, wide-awake, newsy paper, the *Daily News*, and his co-editor is Hanson Hiss, to whose ears the word Mermaid sounds sweeter than the compositions of the greatest composers. Now, thou hast seen enough of this. Turn thy face to the North, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see an immense panorama, in which all is excitement. What meaneth this?"

"Well might there be a panic here. For the great Economist and Statesman, the Hon. S. H. Lauchheimer, who has but a few more months to serve out his second term as President of the United States, has been shot. There comes Dr. Johnston, the most renowned and most skillful surgeon in the land, who examines the President's wounds, and with a broad grin on his face pronounces the wound fatal. But feeling that possibly he might be wrong, he sent for the well-known surgeons, Doctors Wright, Ames, Bryan and Cone, with whom he consulted for a few hours. After the consultation, they announced that the President was beyond all human aid. The Cabinet is sent for, as the President desires to speak with his advisers before he departs. The first to arrive is the Hon. D. D. Guy, Secretary of State, who, with his hands in his pocket, is whistling loudly, and does not seem greatly distressed at the news. Then the Hon. I. L. Strauss, Secretary of the Treasury, arrives, who now deplures the days when he used to assail the worthy President in the Hopkins' House of Commons. That tall, bow-legged man, whom you see hastening down the street, is Hon. C. Snowden Watts, the tenth ward politician, who was appointed Secretary of the Interior as a reward for his services to the party. Just a little behind the Secretary of the Interior, comes the Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. S. H. Guggenheimer, who so successfully fills the place of Gorman, as Boss of the Democratic party in Maryland. Now comes, Hon. S. C. Harry, Secretary of Agriculture, who aided the President more than all the rest of the Cabinet, with his fine logical arguments. Now, you see a tall man, walking leisurely down the street. Well, that is Hon. W. B. Paca, Secretary of War, who was appointed to this position, because the President knew that he never did anything in a hurry,

and so all danger of a war would be averted. Now that gentleman, who is coming along at a great rate of speed, swinging his body first one side and then the other, is the Hon. William Whitridge, who became Postmaster General, because, as president of the Standard Oil Company, he raised a campaign fund of \$500,000 for 'legitimate expenses.' As the President nears his end, he expresses a desire to see a minister, and so, the Rev. N. D. Hynson, Chaplain of the Senate, is sent for. He arrives just in time to speak a few comforting words to the dying man. After the death of the President, the door-bell of the executive mansion received a violent pull, and when the door was opened, in rushed Vice-President Coombs. He had heard the news some hours before, but owing to his tardiness in making up his mind as to whether he had actually heard it, or whether it was an illusion, he had just become convinced that he had really and truly heard that the President was shot."

"But who, I pray, committed the deed?" I asked.

"It was Carson, the Bald, who, in discussing politics with the worthy President, flew into such a rage that he shot him."

"I see an undertaker's wagon coming with great speed towards the White House, and, I declare, the sign on it reads:

CASKIN AND STOKES, FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

"Explain this to me, sir."

"Caskin & Stokes started out as physicians in Washington. But time hung so heavy on Caskin's hands that he had to become an undertaker in order to obtain a living for himself and his family. But Stokes had to give up on account of his whiskers. Whenever he was called upon to perform an operation, his beard would get in his way, and thus cause him to cut the patient more than he ought. He killed so many people this way that he had to give up. I should tell you to his credit, that at first he shaved them off once a year (at the time of the Matriculate Dance), but they became unmanageable, so he had to let them grow. Having heard that his old schoolmate was an undertaker, he hunted him up and formed a copartnership with him on borrowed capital."

With these words the panorama vanished and all was dark again.

"Great Spirit," quoth I, "thou hast indeed revealed much to me, but there are others in this excellent class whose future is still obscured. Prithee, let mine eyes behold their glory."

"Dost thou wish more? Turn thy face to the West and tell me what thou seest."

"I see a large court-room, filled with people, and in the throng are faces familiar to me."

"The room which thou seest is the Supreme Court of the United States. That stately-looking man on the bench, who sits in the middle, is Mr. Chief Justice Cook, whose peer is not to be found in

the land as an able lawyer and an impartial judge. He is one of the few men who did not seek the office, but the office sought him. The judge who sits at his right is Mr. Justice Keech, who, as a lawyer and jurist, is excelled by the Chief Justice alone, but who has this one fault, that he always wants the Court to decide in favor of the side which furnishes the handsomest-looking ladies for witnesses. But Mr. Justice Powell, who sits at the left of the Chief Justice, uses such strong logical arguments that he persuades his colleague that 'handsome is as handsome does,' and so maintains the dignity of the Court. The prisoner in the box is Professor Mordecai Strauss, who has just introduced a new theory of the perception of space, which is so detrimental to all the laws of psychology that the Government has taken the matter in hand. He is being ably defended by the well-known lawyer, Friedenwald, while the case is being fiercely prosecuted by Attorney-General Humphreys. The mild-looking gentleman on the witness stand is the great philosopher, William Hande Browne, Jr., A. B., S. P. Q. R., LL. D., who, as a follower of Hamilton, Kant, Griffin and Emmott, has so thought over this matter, psychologically and logically, that he is fully competent to testify on behalf of the Government. The most prominent witnesses for the defense are Professors Gray and A. G. Wolf. Professor Gray holds the Chair of Physics at the great Methodist University at Washington, and although not quite as deep a thinker as the Griffinian philosopher, yet knows it all without ever having studied the subject. Professor Wolf fills the Chair of Mathematics in the Johns Hopkins, and has made quite a stir in mathematical circles by his recent discovery that $\sqrt{a^2} = a$, and so is a valuable witness for the defense. The philosopher's testimony has the most weight, and the Court decides that the professor is guilty of high treason in attempting to overthrow a science which was founded by Aristotle himself. Consequently he is sentenced to 'be hanged by the neck until he be dead.' A post-mortem is held to find out whether the professor was sane or not. Dr. Garrison, of Washington; Doctors Oppenheimer, Lanier, Faust and Marden are summoned for this purpose. Doctors Lanier and Faust spend the time in discussing the probabilities of the case, while the other doctors do all the work. It resulted in a unanimous verdict that the Aristotelian idea of the back part of the head being absolutely empty was undoubtedly true in this case."

This scene suddenly disappeared, and the student was so shocked at the next picture which the Spirit brought up before him that his heart beat loud and fast, and his hair stood on end. For there was a handsome man in an elegant room, taking a dose out of a large bottle labeled "Arsenic Trioxide."

"Oh! horrors," I exclaimed.

"Be not afraid," said my guide assuringly; "it is only Morrison, who has now become quite old, taking arsenic to make him *Slick* in

his old age. He has forgotten all his chemistry except this fact of the value of arsenic. As you see, the house in which he lives is a magnificent building, and furnished handsomely throughout. This is due to the fact that, instead of practicing law, he became a jockey, and married forty thousand a year and the lady."

"But whom do I see ascending the steps of this mansion?"

"It is the great Little Lord Fauntleroy, who in his youth expected to be a lawyer, but, borrowing the money from his old friend, Morrison (who borrowed it from his wife), went abroad and bought the title which he bears. He has maintained the dignity of his title and family by playing foot-ball better than any other player of the Class of '90. After a lapse of twenty-five years, he now returns to pay Morrison his loan."

Then this view passed from my sight and I looked up again, and lo! the sight of a scholarly looking man, in a poetic attitude, surrounded by a number of young men.

"Who is this, Sire?"

"It is the great linguist, Professor Gerry, of the Johns Hopkins, who, imitating the example of his illustrious predecessor, Professor Gildersleeve, declines to teach any but graduate students. He is the Whitney of his day, and has made his mark in the Science of Language. But turn thou to the South. What seest thou?"

"A beautiful valley, a sky illumined by the brilliant colors of the setting sun, and on one of the hills a human form."

"The form which thou seest is none other than the immortal *Chaucer* himself, who has left his home for a while, in order that in these beautiful surroundings he may be seized with the poetic frenzy. Thou seest a scroll in his hand; he is writing his great imitation of the no less great poet, Terence. Look! Canst thou see what it is?"

"Yes, noble Sire, it runs thus:

LUDUS TERENTI.

Dramatis { PLUS, MAGISTER,
Personae. { J. H. U., STUDIOSUS.

PLUS.—Quid hoc verbum significat?

S.—Nescio.

P.—Hem, non nescis?

S.—Ehem, opus non comparavi.

P.—Pro Juppiter! tu homo adigis me ad insaniam."

And when his noble pen wrote the last line, a smile flashed across his face, and the picture disappeared.

"Now, thou hast had revealed unto thee the future of thy classmates. Go, declare it unto them as one who knows, that they may prepare themselves for their fate, whatever it may be."

Having spoken these words, the Spirit departed, and the student, bewildered by the vision which had been granted him, returned to the city in time to attend the lecture on Chemistry at nine o'clock the next morning.

'90's MEDLEY.

Who wears his hair so smooth and span?
Who walks just like a little man,
And always asks ma if he can?
Why, Shipley.

Who has his hands and face so clean,
Who says he thinks it's awfully mean
To tease a chap when e'er he's seen?
Why, Howard.

Who cursed the children when they cried
"Old bald-head, just go up and hide?"
Whose locks were all "cut short and dyed?"
Why, Carson.

Who says he's getting awfully tough,
And pipes his pipelet with a puff?
Who says he'll play lacrosse — quite rough?
Why, Parkin.

Who says he loves "das sauerkraut,"
But "dat" he isn't very stout,
Who wants his "satisfaction out?"
Why, Chaucer.

Who wrote a paper on "our maids,"
Wherein he says that spades *are* spades?
Who laid a "P" among the shades?
Why, Hanson.

Who sits behind the throne of power?
Who walks a square in just an hour
To see a pretty girl or — flower?
Why, Slick.

Who shaves each morning, noon and night,
And yet his beard is "out of sight?"
Who sat upon the floor "that night?"
Why, Joe.

Who's papa's little laughing lad?
Who "pulls a leg" when e'er he's sad?
Who suped because Miss — by gad?
Why, Dorsey.

Who says a chair has "limbs," not "legs,"
And for a gown the Hopkins begs?
Who says that pretzels stand for dregs?
Why, "Guy."

Who says that beards are works of art,
And lets his own get quite a start?
Who says he came from Russia's heart?
Why, Jo-Jo.

Who has a style that's quite unique?
Whose pantaloons are far to seek?
Whose neckties have been known to speak?
Why, Säbelbcin.

Who says in class that "horse plays" mean? —
At least, it never should be seen.
Who *looks* so innocent and green?
Why, Berwick.

Whose "logic gaze" is dreamy, very?
Who seeks surcease from every query?
Who says he knew it wasn't Sherry?
The "Deluge."

Who went to Charlottesville last fall
To see the foot-ball team play ball?
Who says he wasn't "strapped" at all?
Why, Willie.

Who puts quick-silver down Joe's back?
Who always answers "in a crack?"
Who kindly puts Slick on the track?
Lauchheimer.

Whose accent is aristocratic,
Although his answer is erratic?
Whose beard is often quite emphatic?
Oppenheimer.

Who has a way that's all his own,
A way that speaks of hay new mown?
Who'll get there—if he's let alone?
Why, Grasty.

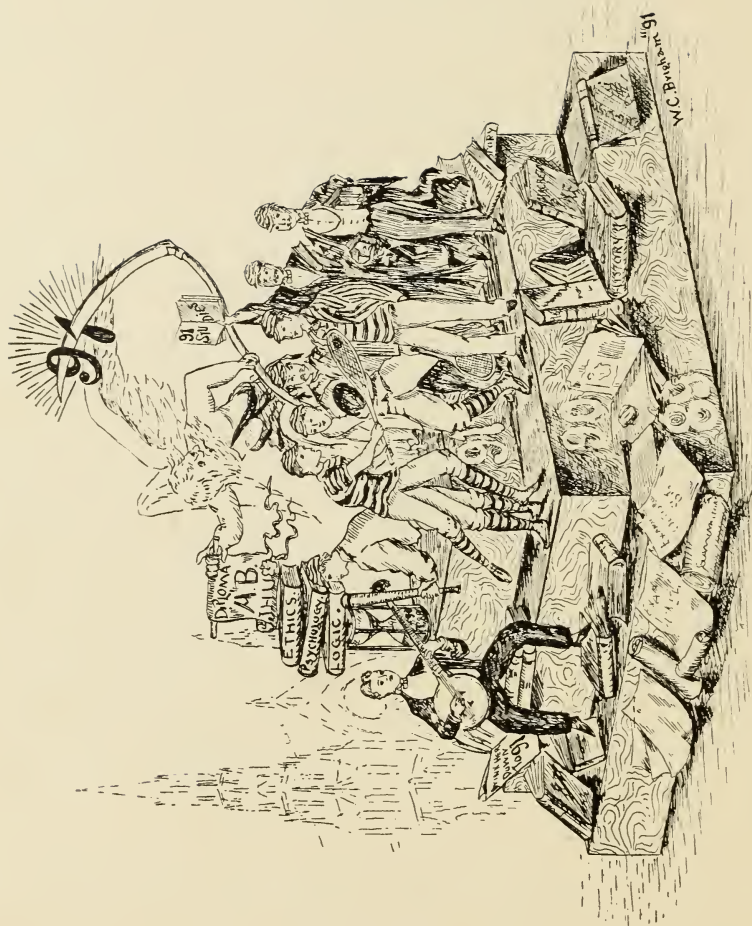
Who knows "them" well at Catonsville,
But keeps it very mum until
We send him back to Louisville?
Why, John-son.

Who answers "here" to "Mr. C-u-u-ke?"
Who knows by heart his logic b-u-u-ke,
Yet has a very modest l-u-u ke?
Why, Vernon.

Who has a "well of words" inside,
Interrogation points beside,
And explanations cut and dried?
Why, Wolff.

Who's rather big, you know, but then
He has to go to bed at ten?
Who has the legs of seven men?
Why, Paca.





CLASS OF '91.

COLORS - - - - - SCARLET AND BLACK.

CLASS YELL:

HOO-RAH HOPKINS! HOO-RAH HAH!
NINETY-ONE! NINETY-ONE. RAH! RAH! RAH!

OFFICERS OF '91:

<i>President,</i>	. . .	ALFRED M. RANDOLPH, JR.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	. . .	CHARLES F. PAINTER.
<i>Secretary,</i>	. . .	GEORGE CAREY.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	. . .	W. STUART SYMINGTON, JR.
<i>Historian,</i>	. . .	N. P. CAREY.

MEMBERS.

Agelasto, Michael A., Φ . K. Ψ .
Ames, Delano, B. Θ . II.
Baldwin, Charles G., B. Θ . II.
Baker, Thomas S.
Barton, Randolph, Jr.
Base, Daniel
Bissing, William
Brigham, Walter C., B. Θ . II.
Briggs, Fred F.
Brown, S. B., A. Δ . Φ .
Brown, T. M., Φ . K. Ψ .
Brown, Madison Δ . Φ .
Browne, S. H. Δ . Φ .
Bumstead, Harry A., B. Θ . II.
Cameron, Malcolm J.
Carey, G., Φ . K. Ψ .
Carey, N. P., Φ . K. Ψ .
Cohen, Abraham
Cook, Harry W.
Dembitz, Arthur A.
Detwiler, Augustus K.
Dobbin, George W., Jr., Δ . Φ .
Galloway, William F.
Hartsock, Jacob L.
Harvey, James W.
Hollander, Jacob H.

MEMBERS.

Howard, Charles McH., Δ . Φ .
Hunt, Reid
Johnson, Charles W.
Keating, Henry W., A. Δ . Φ .
Knower, William
Lefevre, George, B. Θ . II.
Likes, Sylvan H.
Magruder, Hugh S.
Mitchell, James F., Φ . K. Ψ .
Mixer, Charles W.
Painter, Charles F., B. Θ . II.
Penniman, Thomas D.
Pleasants, Alfred W., Δ . Φ .
Randolph, Alfred M., Jr., Δ . Φ .
Rittler, William F.
Rosewater, Victor S.
Smiley, James L.
Smith, Samuel K., Σ . X.
Stevens, Daniel G., Jr.
Stewart, C. Morton. A. Δ . Φ .
Steenken, Charles D.
Symington, W. Stuart, Jr., Δ . Φ .
Townsend, Trevelyan
Turner, Harold J.
Wolff, Frank A., Jr.
Woods, Charles F., Jr., B. Θ . II.

CLASS HISTORY.

HISTORIAN OF '91.

Until very recently, in fact, until within the last two or three years, there has been at the Johns Hopkins University a sad and deplorable absence of strong and loyal college feeling and true love for the Alma Mater. This can very easily be accounted for. The reasons are extremely obvious. In the first place the situation of the University in the centre of so large a city as Baltimore tends to weaken this college feeling. Here the students live scattered over a wide extent of the city in a legion of different boarding-houses and isolated rooms, and they have very little opportunity of seeing and really becoming acquainted with their college mates except through such chances as the gymnasium or class rooms offer. And what a glorious thing a true college friendship is! Nothing in after life can exactly fill its place. He has indeed lost much of the beauty and sweetness of his college life who has not at some time during this period felt this want and the delight of its fulfillment. Another reason is the fact that a large number of the students at the University are graduates who have come to J. H. U. from other colleges, and who very naturally have given all their freshest and warmest love and reverence to their first fostering mother, and even when now enrolled among the band of Hopkinsites, instead of adapting themselves to their new soil and becoming worthy and ardent supporters of the Black and Blue, still concentrate all their interest on their former college. See, here comes a graduate from Williams, deaf, dumb and blind to all around him, deeply immersed in the pages of the last number of the "*William's Weekly*." Go touch him lightly on the shoulder, and in sweet and winsome tones request him to buy a ticket for the J. H. U. Athletic Exhibition. He stares at you blankly in a grieved, hurt sort of a way, and says: "What! An athletic exhibition! No, I haven't time for such things!" Then he resumes his reading, which is somewhat as follows:

"The indoor exhibition which was held in the Williams College Gymnasium last Saturday evening was in every way a complete success. Among the features of the entertainment were * * *."

Then he closes his eyes and murmurs softly: "That's the right sort of college life. Very different from this slow old place. How I wish I were there!"

But this, perhaps, is a little unfair. The greater part of these graduates have come to the University to accomplish as much work in their particular lines in as short a time as possible, and they allow themselves too little time for the outside life at J. H. U.

But lately an immense and much-to-be-rejoiced-at change has

taken place at Johns Hopkins. A much stronger college and class feeling, warm though friendly rivalries between the classes, an increasing interest in athletics and the athletic teams, in the Glee and Banjo Clubs, and above all, greater pride in the growing usefulness and importance of the University work and what it has accomplished—all these show the lively awakening of true spirit and loyalty which is delightful to see.

And it is not claiming too much to say that this change is due in a very great extent to the Class of '91. It is indisputably true, and it is not in any boasting spirit that we say that there has never been a class at the Johns Hopkins University which has done as much to knit together the undergraduates, and to rouse them up to some degree of enthusiasm, in short to make them realize the full meaning of "Hurrah! Hurrah! J. H. U.!" as the class of '91.

The class began its eventful career in the Autumn of 1888, when as timid freshmen, having passed through the awful Purgatory of matriculation examinations we entered the blissful life within the sacred walls of the University, which had seemed until then, a mysterious and dreadful labyrinth wherein were celebrated strange and mystic rites. We had heard vaguely of "cuts" and to our verdant ears the word had e'en a bloodthirsty sound. We had also heard those already initiated familiarly claim relationship with a certain "Daniel" which suggested fierce lions to be met, while such weird initials as P. H. E. and L. E. P. had troubled our poor inexperienced brains much more sorely than the realization and fulfillment of them has ever done since. However, we were quickly initiated into the wonders of Bentley Hall, the Phys. Lab, the H₂S room and the Tennis Court, and even the office and "Ball"-room soon lost their terrors. At first we were looked coldly upon by '89 and "Mighty" '90 as insignificant freshmen. But our native and innate grace, beauty and talent soon won their way into the cold hearts of the haughty Juniors and Seniors and lo! ere two-fold moons had passed, we were fully installed in their good graces and very soon most of them confessed that they really did not see how they could have gotten along without us.

If there remained any lingering prejudice against '91, the first foot-ball match between '90 and '91 removed the last trace. '91 had been tried, found worthy, and had won her spurs.

Apropos of this foot-ball game, a pleasing little anecdote might be related. On the return of the 'bus from Clifton on the eventful day of the match, a '90 man who had not heard how the game had turned out, asked a '91 man "who beat?"

"Ninety-one," replied the fortunate member of the victorious class.

"Hurrah!" shouted the '90 man, misinterpreting the other's reply. "Hurrah! Ninety won!" and he rushed excitedly into the

gymnasium to spread the glad tidings. Poor boy! we broke it to him as gently as possible, but his disappointment was crushing. How we did "Guy" him.

The Spring of '89 was marked by an event which, though its beginning was small, was destined to become of inexpressible importance in the college life. This was the birth of Alpha Sigma Sigma, which originated in the Class of '91. We merely mention this event here. A full account of its development and what it has accomplished will be found some pages farther on. Soon after this came the finals, and the Class of '91 passed from the freshman state into the balmy Jun(e)ior atmosphere.

In the Fall of 1889, the Protecting Divinity of the class gathered together her band all eager for the events of the coming year. Soon the class held a meeting, reorganized and elected its officers for the year. It was decided to adopt a class-cap, to wear about the University. After some discussion, a scarlet and black flannel tennis cap was settled upon. These were soon procured and can now be seen at any time of the day—bright bits of color against the dark walls of the University. '92 has very wisely followed us in this matter and their blue and white caps form a pleasing contrast to ours.

By the way, we had almost forgotten to mention the Class of '92. Somehow most people do forget to mention '92, probably because there is nothing about it to mention, except a bit of jingling rhyme which we have not time for now, but which the historian will gladly repeat to anyone curious of hearing it.

About the middle of October, '90's football team, still sore with the crushing defeat of the year before, boldly challenged us again, and went forth to battle, proudly confident of victory. But the '91 men trusted in their team, nor were they doomed to disappointment. We utterly annihilated them—score, 16 to 0. Ever since that time our class Cook(e)'s favorite recipe has been somewhat as follows:

"To make delicious '90 'soup.'

Take a handful (say 6 or 7) fresh 'slick' '90 men. Place them carefully on stools about the tennis court in various comfortable positions. (We will suppose that they are already in 'hot water'). Then smile blandly at them, and plaintively sing a few bars of the ancient ditty, 'Poor old '90,' or the lullaby about the 'Phantom Touchdown,' until they become a beautiful red color. Continue this until a moist, bluish look is observed in their eyes. Then quickly lead them away and serve stuffed with remorse. No stirring will be necessary. It will be found delicious."

At Christmas the class scattered in all directions for the holidays, and did not succeed in getting into working order until some time after the new year.

On the 22d of February the usual exercises were held at the Mount Vernon Church, in which '91 took a conspicuous part. In the

minstrels, which were given under the auspices of Alpha Sigma Sigma on the 28th of February, the leading spirits were members of the Class of '91, and in the athletic exhibition held some time later in the gymnasium, the '91 men were vastly in the majority.

Ninety-one has always been splendidly represented on the various University teams.

On the football team of last year five out of the twelve men wore the scarlet and black, and of the base-ball nine three were '91 men; while three members of the same glorious class were on the lacrosse team. It is also well represented in the Glee and Banjo Clubs.

In scholarship and high standing in the University work '91 is far above the average.

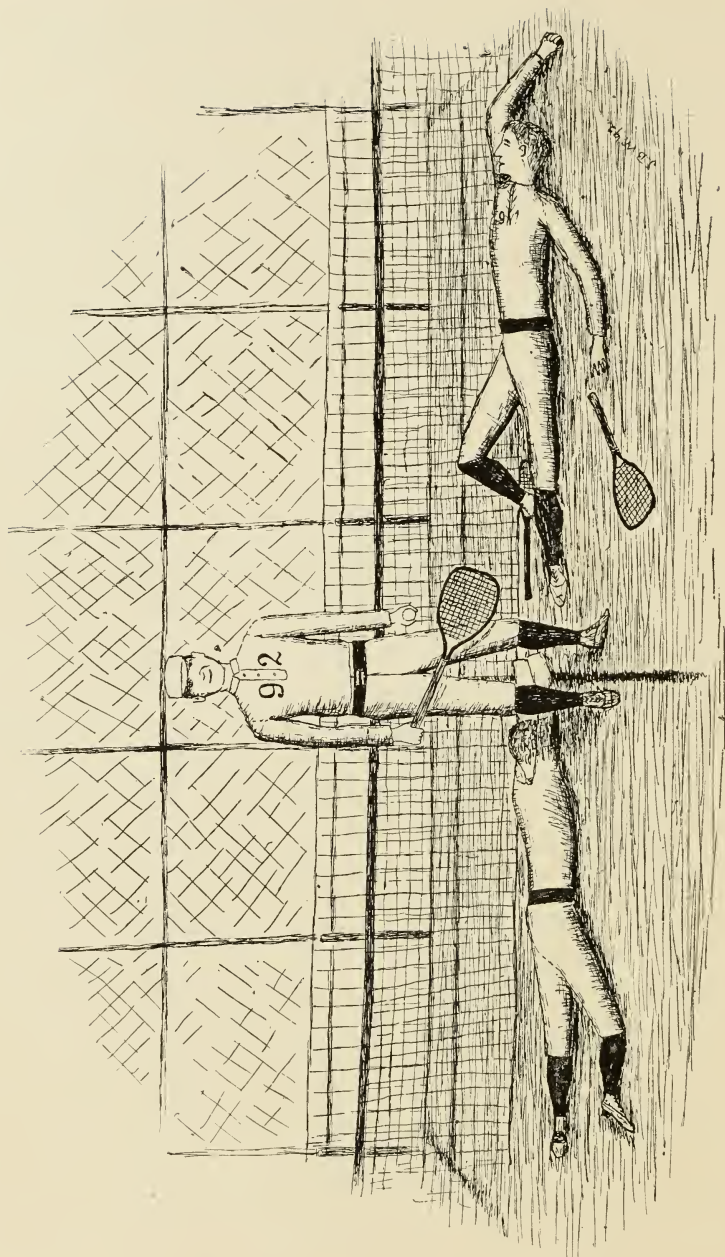
Boys, our future shall be as bright as our past, and in the annals of Johns Hopkins the fairest and most brilliant page will be inscribed with the same well-known and well-loved figures—'91.



UPON A LOCK OF HAIR.

(A STUDY IN LOGOMACHY.)

Sweet emblem of a poet's soul
Upon a poet's **bRow**;
A token of a **E**sthetic love,
Calliopean vow.
Though storm-tossed, **bL**inding with thy mass
Those eyes that gleam e'er stronger,
Thou yet art **lI**ke eternity,
Except in gro**W**ing longer.
Oh, vision of the present**T**, past,
And futur**E**'s stormy billow,
If unrestrained**D** there soon wilt hide
My innocent "titwillow."



CLASS OF '92.

COLORS: - - - - - DARK BLUE AND WHITE.

CLASS YELL:

'RAH! 'RAH! BLACK!

'RAH! 'RAH! BLUE!

HOPKINS! HOPKINS! '92!

OFFICERS OF '92:

<i>President,</i>	J. H. LATANÉ.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	E. P. LOTHROP.
<i>Secretary,</i>	J. B. WHITEHEAD, JR.	
<i>Treasurer,</i>	G. L. STEWART.	
<i>Historian,</i>	H. GLASSIE.	
<i>Executive</i>	{	.	.	.	H. J. JEWETT, JR.	
<i>Committee,</i>		.	.	.	H. D. JUMP.	
		.	.	.	A. D. ATKINSON.	

MEMBERS:

Abercombie, J. R.
 Adler, H.
 Andre, D. C.
 Atkinson, A. D., A. Φ.
 Baker, N. D.
 Behrendt, E.
 Baldwin, R. W. Jr.
 Bennett, L. E.
 Brown, G. S., A. Δ. Φ.
 Brown, T. R.
 Bryan, A. C.
 Bump, C. R.
 Bullock, J. S. Jr.
 Cate, H. A.
 Chesnut, W. C.
 Cox, G. E., B. Θ. II.
 Davis, J. E.
 Glassie, H.
 Griffiss, W., Φ. K. Ψ.
 Gundry, A. T.
 Greenbaum, L.
 Greenleaf, H.
 Hewes, J. E.
 Hilliard, F. H.
 Hirsh, J. L.
 Jewett, H. J. Jr., A. Δ. Φ.

MEMBERS:

Johnston, T. W.
 Jump, H. D.
 Latané, J. H.
 L'Engle, E. J.
 Lothrop, E. P., B. Θ. II.
 McDonald, J. D., A. Δ. Φ.
 Mixter, C. W.
 Norris, J. F.
 Peppler, C. W.
 Pope, D. B.
 Reese, A. M.
 Roberts, W. M.
 Rumboldt, C.
 Stern, L.
 Stearns, J. L.
 Stevens, L. L., B. Θ. II.
 Stewart, G. L., A. Δ. Φ.
 Stewart, J., A. Δ. Φ.
 Stewart, R. C., A. Δ. Φ.
 Snively, A. B.
 Turner, A. B.
 West, C. J.
 Wilson, Y. O.
 Whitehead, J. B. Jr.
 Waidner, C. W.
 Wickes, B. C.

CLASS HISTORY.

The year 1892 will be made notable by three important events: The Columbus Quadricentennial, the three thousandth anniversary of Pa-Out-She's standard Chinese dictionary, and the graduation of the Class of '92. Such is the order in which modesty urges us to put them; by everyone else they would, of course, be reversed.

But the story of this last illustrious event is reserved for another and loftier muse. Mine it only is to sing in humbler strain the dim beginnings of our noble band.

The Class of '92 began in '88 with Lothrop. Indeed, as far as that year is concerned, it ended with him, too.

Lothrop called a class meeting, which, on Lothrop's motion, elected E. P. Lothrop president; who immediately called himself to order and proceeded to elect officers as follows: Earl P. Lothrop, Vice-President; E. Perkins Lothrop, Treasurer, and Earl Perkins Lothrop, Secretary. The treasurer taxed the class fifty cents for refreshments and the meeting adjourned.

But there is another scene which has a more lively interest (for some of us) than this. Perhaps the recollection of it will need no artificial stimulus.

. . . . It is a balmy day in June. The twitter of the sparrows and the gleaming of the sun on the roof of Hopkins' Hall betoken the coming of the halcyon days. The breath of promise is in the air. A scent as of rural freshness is wafted through the corridors of the gymnasium and steals adown the sidewalk.

The examinations are over. The biting frosts have passed away. The first sprigs of the new scholastic harvest are beginning to rear their heads, but the trials of these Freshmen are not yet over. At the instigation of the foul fiends the junior sophists and their companions in wickedness, lay a deep plot to haze these unsuspecting youths. One of them, who rejoices in a beard, assumes the part and dignity of a "professor," and tells the candidates that a physical examination must be passed before they can enter the sacred portals. Already in a state of collapse, they led away like lambs. Of the scene that followed we have been unable to get any satisfactory account from the victims; and it might not be safe to publish that of the examining board. They say that ever since B—p has been losing flesh from a too exclusive diet of milk-toast and crackers, and that there is another, who according to instructions, bolts a pound of raw beef-steak every morning and drops into bed every night precisely at thirteen minutes past nine.

O, hard and horny must be the heart that could beguile innocence, so young, so tender and so fresh!

But amid this humiliation, there is a gleam of supernal glory. A man of '92 did actually comprehend that poem in the *Debutante*, which no man had understood before, or ever will again.

Nine months have passed, and each month has added a leaf to our wreath of laurels.

Ninety-one men said they were going to rush our first class-meeting, why didn't they? How was it that the whole university stood by and saw the '92 man sail into the tennis tournament and sail out with the championship? Indeed we did not win that football game from Pennsylvania; but it was no fault of St-w-rt's, if the referee had silly prejudices against slugging. At any rate, Pennsylvania found an excuse for avoiding a return game. It is said that it had got out that the giant, who was to be *loaded* for the occasion, was going to *jump* on 'em with both feet.

Ninety-one did not recognize the independence of his younger brother without a struggle. It was on commemoration day that he made his last attempt to impress upon '92 a sense of his inferiority. Freshmen must not carry canes. When '92 swept down upon the junior line, broke it, and carried back the ravished cane in triumph, then that question was settled.

It is not merely in the shock of battle and the field of athletics that the Class of '92 has distinguished itself. "The studious cloister's pale," have their victories and heroes as well. What class would not be proud to own that distinguished scholar, who wanted to know what the Roman did with his 100,000 *asses*, when he had only twenty acres of land? Where do you find such keen critical acumen as that which perceived that *Agricola ipsam gloriam præcepit agebatur*, means that he's "gone to glory!"

Justly do we glory in the savant who, when asked for specimens of Egyptian sculpture, mentioned pyramids, walls and mummies. What is Mommsen but a baby beside him who showed that the fall of Miltiades was a fall from a second-story window. We have all heard of the famous "lost books of Rummeboulde," the unlimited number of which has been the wonder of the faculty.

Every love-lorn maid knows by heart that sweet and melancholy ditty, "Life hath lost its charms for me; or, this is the — of a world," by W--dw--d, and cheers her downcast spirit with St-w--t's "When the Cuckoo Shouts." *On dit* that a certain freshman is hard at work on a "Weguersche Saga, oder Einleitung zum 'Kloster;'" but it has not yet made its appearance. We should not forget to add that Ch-n-t's "Hints on the management of a University" is now in the hand of every member of the faculty.

Such is a rough attempt to sketch the wide activity of '92 in athletics, science and literature. There still remains another field which one would scarcely think '92 had tried—the stage. Yet Mr. Salvini personally informed the writer that if it had not been for the

assistance of several members of this class, he would have been quite unable to produce his Othello with such marvelous and striking effect. Mr. Booth, too, in an autograph letter, expresses his deep obligations to the class, and adds that hereafter all tights intended for Hopkins men will be carefully padded.

To those who might be tempted to ask for longer annals, we would say that '92 is young, our career has only just begun, and although we have neither a D-b-z nor a D-w-r, we still hope, for we have had a R-mb--d

* * * * *

When one contemplates this long line of heroes and this course of glory, a humble piping strain fails his thought, lofty rhyme alone can give fit expression to his mood. It was while in this sore need (for his muse soars not so high) that the historian heard the sounds of the sweet-toned lyre and the bard burst into song. And while this tale differed somewhat from the historian's (which is to be laid to poetic license and ignorance of foot-ball), yet this latter was fain to hang up his slender reed and lend his voice to swell.



THE PÆAN OF '92.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-nine
A band of youths in garments fine,
With each separate head of hair
Plastered down with greatest care,
Met at the portals of "J. H. U.,"
Determined there to "die or do."

Each took his seat at a desk that bore
Signs of torture endured before
By hosts of aspiring men,
Resolved not to be out-done by them;
And every one who passed that exam'
Saw that a new life for him began.

In eager haste we gathered soon
In College Hall one afternoon,
And organized with much ado
The wonderful Class of Ninety-two;
We chose our officers as well,
And then adjourned to give our yell:

'Rah! 'Rah! black!
'Rah! 'Rah! blue!
Hopkins! Hopkins! '92!

Our brains, perplexed, were all adaze—
We thought each simple act a haze—
Regarded students with suspicion,
And firmly did believe the mission
Of each Professor of "J. H. U."
To flunk the men of Ninety-two.

Among our many great deeds done,
The tennis championship won.
Proclaims a man of Ninety-two
Victor in tennis of "J. H. U."
He let no opportunity pass
To win fresh laurels for his class.

Athletics now our hearts inspired,
With hope of glory we were fired;
In foot-ball our career was short,
We tackled old hands at the sport;
And long experience, they say,
With practice, is what wins the day.

Now our experience was short-lived,
In practice we had ne'er been tried;
So no dishonor or false shame
Need dim the lustre of our name.
But, if they want a harder task,
Just let them try again, we ask.

As yet, of course, we're very young;
Our brilliant record's scarce begun;
But age, increasing ev'ry hour,
Shall bring all prizes in our power.
As students, and as athletes, too,
We'll reap rich spoils for Ninety-two.



FRESHMEN'S ALPHABET.

- A** Is for Abrcrombie, he's verdant, oh, my !
B Mr. Baldwin, has a sty—on his eye.
C Little chestnut, he's cunning, you know,
Still chestnuts are fresh, for we haven't had snow.
D's Davis, who'd like to play ball on the team,
But the management says things are not what they seem.
E's wanting, and **F** is a vacancy, too,
Like the beard on the chin of the Class '92.
G Greenbaum and Greenleaf, a pair, I'll go one,
That you'll match such as these nowhere under the sun.
H Jimmy Hewes, can handle his fist,
But he's all broken up when she wants to be kissed.
No I, well, no wonder the class is quite slow
In seeing which way the wind oft doth blow.
J Mr. Jump, if you'd alter your name
'Twould serve for the class and you just the same.
L L'Engle, an "angel" in German, they say;
Well, yes, Mr. Freshman, you *look* quite that way.
M's George T. McCullom, the B—r King, his grace,
'Tis said Mr. Russell has a smile on his face.
N's sweet little Norris, a "bird," I declare!
Oh, my, but these freshmen they strive to get there.
O's yet uncreated, but expected I hear,
He'll be just the age for the class by next year.
P is that Mr. Pepler, without any nurse?
He's sure to get lost, or perhaps something worse.
R is for Rumbold, whose style is unique.
The English all listen when Rumbold doth speak.
S stands for the Stewarts, with Charles in the van.
Have patience, dear Charlie, you'll soon be a man.
T Turner, those legs are the legs of a leaper.
A question I'd ask, art thou thy brother's keeper?
U's wanting, since "ewes" are sheep which are female;
While these budding youths are said to be female.
W Whitehead, extremes meet, they say.
Hence, shortness, not longness, of life made thee gray.
X and **Y** are the class in its corporate capacity;
Unkrown is the value, you see the sagacity?

N. B.—Members undiscovered: Keiley, Vea and Ziegler.

BIOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

This is the law of the beasts and of the fowl and of every living creature that moveth in the waters and of every creature that creepeth upon the earth.—Lev. xi: 46.

This is the dog-gonedest department of the University. Some people think it is nothing else. "I hear," said one of Baltimore's spiritual guides recently, "that the young men of this university spend most of their time cutting up frogs; why cut up frogs," he added with fervor, "when there is the human soul to investigate?" But we cannot all of us be ministers, philosophers or even psychologists, and, awaiting the opening of more direct paths to the Eldorado of Soul-lore, let us follow some ambitious young biologist up those sloppy steps and into the lecture-room. Here he receives his first instruction in the "biling" of "beer-woorrt," and Brooks the fierce aspect of the genial oyster pirate; soon he learns to bear the frigid presence of a person "not open to conversation," and even Dreyer people.

Next we see him in the laboratory straining his optic chiasma to follow the segmentation of an air-bubble, or to overcome the coy reserve of the Amoeba. No wonder he is soon compelled to refresh his fatigued retina with images of the Druid Hill avenue belles—dark colors are restful. In the course of his future work he learns to avoid such little Weemsicalities as oiling his microscope with Canada balsam; he becomes accustomed to the flabby thud of volleyed livers, and the mild alcoholic sozzle of the oleo-mephitic Anodon. With what pride does he conduct his friends of the fair sex over the scenes of his labors, kindly explaining to them in untechnical terms the mysteries of the incubator, and the wielding of the refractory section razor. And then to the museum on the second floor, where there is much to provoke "Oohs" and "Ahs"—many odd things in jars and cases, and unfilled spaces provided for the pickled remains of *Archies Murraënsis*, *Hirsutus albus*, *Chaucer squ Oehmii*, and *D. ubiquitous* (J. H. U. Reg. 1888, see "Nicholas")—provided that the new barrel of alcohol arrives in time. Unfilled spaces have been left for the preservation of the fame of biological students—on the walls, which portraits of many of them will adorn beside those of Agassiz, Darwin, Pasteur, and the other stars in the zenith of the biological firmament—let us hope.

There are at present fifty-eight candidates for future positions on the walls. Of this number forty are following undergraduate courses,

eighteen are pursuing more advanced work. The undergraduate enters upon his biological studies having passed a year of probation in physics and chemistry, (and P. H. E.). He attends lectures in general biology, osteology, embryology, and botany; he spends five hours weekly in the laboratory examining specimens prepared by his own hand, and drawing them as represented in the text-book. If not plucked, he emerges from this course full-fledged, with an insight into "the fundamental facts of biology, the relationship and comparison of living and not living matter, the structure and activities of typical plants and animals of higher and lower organization, the principles of classification, the evolution of complex living species from less specialized ancestors, the origin of all the higher plants and animals from a single cell, and the gradual evolution of tissues and organs during development."

The second-year student is introduced to the old dog-tray. On this he places a dog and dissects him for a month. Then he prepares the different organs and tissues and examines them under a microscope. The last three months in the laboratory are devoted to test-tubing, experimenting on "trained" frogs, digesting dinners in beakers, and other topics in general physiology. There is also a laboratory course offered in zoölogy. Parallel with these laboratory studies are lectures on anatomy, histology, physiology and zoölogy.

The post-graduate weighs the respective advantages of physiology and morphology before selecting the field for his life work. He who chooses the first is privileged to ride up and down on the elevator and to breathe the iodoform-laden breezes of the kymograph room, where dwells, attended by his faithful reflex hound, the modest discoverer of the fibres of Sharpey. The morphologist takes his exercise out of doors, and on these balmy spring mornings deems it absolutely necessary to roam over the beautiful hills about Baltimore in search of specimens, which he finally has to dig out of the mud at the brick-yards. "A third permissible line of specialization, namely, botany, has always been contemplated since the organization of the biological department, but at present is not available to students."

The main part of the graduate work is, of course, done in the laboratory; the student has become an investigator. The results, if any, are reported in the meetings of the seminary, and the men keep in touch with the progress of biological science outside through the weekly reports in the journal clubs. Advanced lectures are given in physiology and morphology, with the exception of morphology. This exception is in some measure atoned for by the opportunities of a summer outing at the Marine Laboratory, located at Wood's Holl, and at present a guest of the United States Fish Commission. Let mention not be omitted of the scientifico-social pipe at the hospitable homes of the professors.

By a process of professorial selection we may now have evolved a Ph. D. As he receives his degree, do the plaintive cadences of Gaul's orchestra suggest—

Habe nun ach! Physiologie,
Botanik und Medizin,
Und leider auch Morphologie
Durchaus studirt mit heissem Bemüh'n!
Da steh ich nun, ich armer Thor,
Und bin so klug als wie zuvor.

Rather he feels that he has gained real knowledge which he can bring to bear immediately on the material elevation of mankind; or if the faith in the future of his science be strong within him, he may devote his life to the further widening of the bright circle of human knowledge. Then, literary men, do not scoff, for science will ever become more and more the foundation of your art, and let all be hopeful together, brother scientists, and look forward to the day when, with the aid of Physics and Chemistry, the language of Biology shall have become that of Mathematics.

DEPARTMENTS OF MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICS.

THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

The Physical Laboratory building stands on the northwest corner of Monument street and Linden avenue. The structure is of brick, faced and trimmed with grey stone, and is fire-proof throughout. This building is the largest and most costly of the three laboratories grouped about Hopkins' Hall. It is thoroughly equipped for practical work, especially in light and electricity. The main lecture room which, up to a few weeks ago, was the largest in the University, is on the first floor, and has all the conveniences of an experimental lecture room. Hitherto all the larger scientific associations of the institutions met here.

Although designed specially for physics, the kindred sciences of astronomy and mathematics find shelter within its walls.

The department of physics is under the direction of Prof. Henry A. Rowland, who conducts the advanced courses. Prof. Rowland was made this year an M. R. S. (member of the Royal Society), being the third American to have that honor conferred upon him. It is

rumored that he is about to confer the same title on one of Baltimore's fair daughters. Associated with him are Dr. Kimball who lectures to the undergraduates, Mr. J. S. Ames who has charge of the experimental work in the laboratory, and gives "general counsel," Mr. Schneider the famous mechanician and Dr. Scott, with several assistants, who aid the professor at all times.

The advanced students under the guidance of Prof. Rowland meet once a week to discuss the current journals. And at regular intervals, topics to be worked up and reported on, are assigned those graduates who, together with Dr. Kimball, compose the physical seminary.

Scattered about the building are lecture rooms and rooms for special work; while the Physical-Mathematical library is also housed here.

In the dome on the roof is mounted the 9.5 inch equatorial of the University.

The courses in electrical engineering are given by Dr. Louis Duncan. His students dissect and study the dynamo, etc. While every science has its "terminology" the "terminals" of this one are frequently very "shocking" especially to the uninitiated.

Dr. Liebig has charge of the electrical testings, while Mr. Hasson lectures to a select few (mostly Alpha Delta Phi's), on applied mechanics. *Dress suits* are not allowed in the lecture room, otherwise this class would be perfectly happy.

Prof. Simon Newcomb with associate Profs. Craig and Franklin and Mr. Chapman, form the mathematical faculty. The lectures in mathematics, pure and applied, are given by the three last named gentlemen. Prof. Newcomb personally conducts the courses in advanced astronomy, varying them slightly each year. His assistant, Mr. Borst, has charge of the instruments and lectures to students on descriptive astronomy. Before last year, astronomy was only taken as one of the subsidiary subjects leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; now, however, a properly qualified person may choose it as his principle subject and proceed to his degree in it.

The department is equipped with all the instruments found in a large observatory, an equatorial, a meridian circle, a transit instrument, chronograph, chronometer, clocks, etc., etc., and the students by constant practice become proficient in their use. The astronomical embryo early learns that fundamental truth, that "there is no royal road to knowledge," as he painfully and laboriously climbs from the basement to the dome on so many dark nights. "B. & O. stock," "gas monopolies" etc., etc., forbid his using anything but the natural article as a light unto his feet. Woe to him if his pathway be made clear (!); the song of Ro(w)land is heard in the land; and this heinous sin would bring to his recollection, dim, forgotten "minor" ones—un-Warren-*ted* cuts in French literature—for instance. The main lecture room is the scene each day of a notable gathering; the

senior class meets here to discuss the various phenomena of the soul, to sit in judgment on sundry scientific processes and theories, making "special inquiry into scientific method." It does not stop here; language is analyzed and put together logically, character studied, conscience ——— darkened ——— debased ——— enlightened, ——— etc., (*dicta de omni et nullo*).

Frequently these proceedings grow quite interesting, and the thunders of the "Canon" have been heard a long way off. Although the scene of so many conflicts (*intermediate exernes et ceterae*), the foundations of the building are remarkably strong and it bids fair to stand it all.

Q. E. F.

THE CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT.

The work in the Chemical Laboratory during the present academic year has been carried on under the direction of Professor Remsen, assisted by Dr. Morse and Dr. Renouf, in much the same lines as in previous years.

There have been some slight changes made in the course laid down for the undergraduates. Heretofore their laboratory work has been confined to the inorganic portion of chemistry, but this change will give them some experimental work in organic chemistry; thus giving those who do not propose to go on with the graduate work a somewhat broader view of the subject.

The graduate student, after becoming familiar with the general methods of analytical chemistry and the more common synthetical operations of organic chemistry, undertakes some investigation which will be a benefit to the science, and at the same time will give skill and ingenuity in experimentation and teach accuracy of observation; and above all, cause the student to rely upon his own work instead of continually depending upon the work of others. These investigations concern all departments of chemistry; they may be analytical, or they may have to deal with problems of organic or of inorganic chemistry; and it is a great mistake to suppose, as some have done, that they are confined to the field of organic chemistry. The results of this original work form the thesis of those who become candidates for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and are published in pamphlet form. The main points of this work, as well as that done by those not working for a degree, are published in the *American Chemical Journal*.

In addition to the lectures delivered by the professor and his assistants there has been a short course of lectures given by the advanced students upon subjects closely related to the development of the science. Journal meetings have been held twice weekly throughout the year. In these meetings important articles are abstracted and reported upon from all the current journals, in which work all the advanced students take an active part.

The number of students taking chemistry this year is greater than ever before. There are 132 attending the lectures, and 125 are working in the laboratory. Of this number 40 are doing graduate work and 7 hope to come up for their doctor's degree this June.

The laboratory is crowded to its utmost capacity. In order to make room for future growth plans have been matured, and the work already begun, to make changes that will add greatly to its present capacity. Hopkins Hall is to be converted into a lecture room for chemistry. The present lecture room will be changed into a laboratory, which, in addition to their present quarters, will be occupied by the advanced students. Most of the analytical work will be done on the third floor, and the first floor will be devoted to the work of the undergraduates. It is expected that these changes will make room for about two hundred students, and this, it is hoped, will give relief for a number of years to come. But the indications are that a new chemical laboratory will be needed before many years.

THE CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE GREEK SEMINARY.

The graduate department of ancient languages in Johns Hopkins University is divided into the Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, and Semitic seminaries, but the present sketch is limited to a description of the Greek Seminary, as it is the largest and the most typical.

The Classical Library, with its goodly store of the standard authorities on the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, is the University home of the members of this Seminary. This body of men, grave and serious as compared with the frisky undergraduates, yet not without a keen sense of humor, gather every morning at ten o'clock around long tables stretching the length of the room. The Director sits at the head of the room, and on his right and

left are seated the Senior of the Seminary, the Fellows, the Scholars, and such other students as have proceeded to the Bachelor's degree and have been weighed and found not unworthy of the privileges of this august body. A dusty bust of Homer, perched aloft upon a case containing a complete text edition of the Greek and Latin classics, dominates the whole scene. Without a plane tree stretches its limbs with yearning toward this band, headed by their modern Socrates, and containing many an American Phaedrus; while a lame excuse for an Ilissus gurgles placidly by, or rushes in torrents when swollen with the spring rains.

The sessions of the Seminary proper are one hour long, and are held twice a week. They are devoted to the study of some work of that author whose style is the subject of the year's course, the Historians, the Orators, Plato or Aristophanes, as the case may be. When the bell rings a student standing at a desk at the Director's right begins his "interpretation" of about a page of the work under discussion. He first reads his translation, and then a critical study of the textual, syntactic, stylistic and historical questions involved, embodying the results of from two to four weeks' delving in dusty tomes. The reader, with all his researches and labored scholarship, thinks himself a second Bentley, a veritable prodigy, a fully professed brother in the Sacred Order of Accepted Philologists—S. O. A. P. But no! the Director of the Seminary, *Advocatus Diaboli*, as he has playfully designated himself, steps in and ruthlessly prevents the beatification of this budding philological saint. A few terse words rebut effectually the specious arguments of the claimants for canonization, and show the utter absurdity of the view, which, a few moments before, seemed so correct to each of the assembled cardinals, *alias* students.

After the reader has finished his interpretation, which usually requires two or three meetings, the Director reviews the passage, adding, in an off-hand way, many valuable hints and remarks. The interpreter, during this review, is subject to a criticism which spares neither his English nor his Greek, for he is expected to be as careful about the use of an English word as about the accent of an obscure Greek form. Hence the training in this seminary in English and in literary form is very severe and searching.

Such are the proceedings of the Seminary proper; but its members are required to engage in other work as well. One meeting weekly throughout the year is devoted to informal lectures on the author under discussion by the Seminary, as illustrating the artistic development of Greek literature. During the first half year two hours a week are given up to practical exercises in reading Greek, in grammar and in prose composition, and serve as a very effective drill. During the second half year one of these hours is usually occupied by lectures on Greek syntax by the Director, "whose

writings have thrown light upon most of the dark places in Greek syntax." The other hour is devoted to lectures on some department of Greek literature, epic poetry and Homer, or lyric poetry, for instance. These are made most interesting by comparisons drawn from English, German, French, and even Norse literature, and display a breadth of reading which should bring a blush to the cheek of many a philologist who limits himself to the narrow bounds of his own department, "like the little boy who can only play on his own doorstep."

Such is the description of a system which is a combination of the methods of a German Seminary with the English practice of class instruction. An American common sense has modified the two into the Seminary as conceived at this University, and has perfected a method which undoubtedly is the best modern form of instruction for advanced students in ancient languages.

THE GERMAN DEPARTMENT.

The work of the German Department during the past year has maintained an even and uninterrupted course. With the exception of some smaller changes in the undergraduate department, it has been divided as heretofore between Drs. Wood, Learned and Warren. The scheme of work, as compared with that of previous years, was in so far changed that four hours weekly during the first semester were devoted to Old High German, and four hours during the second to Middle High German, instead of two hours per week to each throughout the year. The two monuments studied in Middle High German were the Nibelungen Lied and the lyrics of Walther von der Vogelweide. In both the plan of interpretation by previously appointed members was largely followed. In the "Nibelungen" course, intended more especially for students whose major was German, a large share of the time was given to the reading and discussion of reports on such questions as authorship, relation of the three main manuscripts, divergence in language and style, metre, rhyme, etc.

In the class in New High German, after several introductory lectures, representative works of different periods were read, from Luther to Goethe, the class being at present engaged in the study of Goethe's earlier Lyrics. The readings from each of the authors were preceded by lectures on their significance for the period.

Gothic was given, as before, two hours per week. Its importance as an introduction to the study of comparative Germanic grammar begins to be felt more and more.

In the second section of the Seminary, which met on alternate Thursday evenings at Dr. Wood's home, miscellaneous papers, representing to some extent the original work done by the members, were read and criticised.

Dr. Learned conducted the elementary class in Middle High German, and delivered weekly lectures treating, in the first semester of the beginnings of Middle High German literature (transition period from Old to Middle High German), thus continuing the course on Old High German literature delivered last year, and introducing during the second, the subject of Old High German life, which, as projected, is to form a part of several closely-related courses on Germanic "kulturgeschichte," to be given both in the English and German departments.

The lectures on Germany, which were delivered conjointly by Dr. Wood and Dr. Learned, proved extremely valuable, and it is hoped that they will, in some form or other, be made permanent.

Through the kindness of Dr. Learned, a German conversation class was formed for a few of the major students.

The quiz-class was conducted this year on the same plan as last, and it promises to stay.

At present the most urgent need of the German Department is extension of library, and coupled with this a central building for all the departments of philology, or at least all the modern languages. To divide books into four categories of Romance, English, German and General Reference, and to place these in four different places, at a not inconsiderable distance from one another, is a totally unfeasible task. May the realization of our hopes belong to the near future.

ROMANCE LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

The work in the Romance Languages is conducted upon a purely scientific method. That a science of not fifty years existence cannot be favorably compared with one, such as astronomy, or biology, would be granted by the most superficial observer. Nevertheless this subject notwithstanding its infancy, is of the greatest importance, as the better one understands the development and changes in meaning of words, the more intelligently can one make use of them. A mere

speaking knowledge of the Romance Languages is not given; in fact a student must be thoroughly acquainted with French before he enters the graduate department.

During the first year, instruction is given by Dr. Todd, in Italian and Spanish; later in the course come in Provençal, Portuguese, Catalan, Roumanian and Rhetian; but the instruction in these last languages is merely philological. Conversation in them is not attempted, and would indeed be out of place. Students frequently enter the Romance Department, and are disappointed when they come to realize what kind of work is done there—a work of the utmost difficulty and exceedingly dry to any one who is not directly interested in it. Let, then, no one come here to learn to speak a modern language, if he wishes to do hard work in a large and rich field, if he is ambitious to be among the first workers in an entirely new science, in a science whose importance is being more and more recognized, if he desires to find one of the best openings of the day for original thought, let him enter the Modern Language Department. Hard workers and original thinkers are needed.

Dr. A. Marshall Elliott is the director of the Romance Language Department, and superintends all advance work, together with the Seminary. Dr. Todd, a graduate of this University in '85, has charge, as already mentioned, of beginners in Italian and Spanish, teaches Provençal and one or two other minor languages, and gives instruction in Paleography. Dr. Warren, a graduate of '87, has entire charge of the instruction in the literature of the various Romance Languages. Drs. Todd and Warren have classes also among the undergraduates in French, giving instruction in French Grammar and reading, and in French literature. Besides the regular work, there is much else done. Dr. Elliott has carefully studied the French dialect spoken in Canada, is working upon an edition of the "Decameron," and is the editor of the "Modern Language Notes," the only paper in America entirely devoted to the scientific study of the modern languages. Dr. Todd has edited several Old French MSS., the last, and perhaps most important, being the "Naissance du Chevalier au Cygne." He is now preparing a school edition of "Don Quixote." Dr. Warren has just published a "Primer of French Literature," which is of great importance to any who wish a short, complete and accurate résumé of French literature. Besides these works, many minor ones have been brought out by the men in this department.

If the prejudices against the value of the scientific study of Modern languages were only laid aside, and too much work were not expected from men in these departments, instruction in English, French, German, and even Italian and Spanish, being, in many colleges, thrust upon one assistant, who is himself under some professor of Latin or Greek; if the importance of the *separate* study of

Modern languages were recognized, each language having one separate professor, with perhaps an assistant, then, and only then, would America produce works equal, and perhaps even superior, to those published in Germany and France. In this University, three years at least must be given to this course, and one or two more would only be to the advantage of the student.

THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

The student who has pursued the ordinary English course at college is brought into a new world when he enters this University as a graduate student in English. Up to this time he has possibly been content to learn the literary history, to go not very deeply into the language, and to dip here and there among the masterpieces of the literature. He has taken at hearsay the familiar saying that Chaucer is "the Well of English undefyled," and he has never seen the sterner side of the language. But here he has opened to him a domain of thought and feeling he never dreamed of before. He now turns his back on the old traditions, and ventures, at first hesitatingly, into the broad field of linguistic study. He learns to look beyond Chaucer for the language; his former notions, if incorrect, are changed; he goes through the labor of imbibing new doctrines, new faiths, new impulses. English is no longer to him simply the language of Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth; it is now a member of an organic group of languages, and is as well typified in Cynewulf as in Tennyson.

The question will be asked, how is this change of view effected? To answer this it will be necessary to take a visitor into the Seminary at one of its semi-weekly meetings.

He sees a long table with the Professor at its head and eleven students seated at its sides in attitudes of more or less ease and attention. The subject this afternoon is the so-called *Paraphrase* of our first poet, Caedmon. Our genial, portly and whole-souled friend from Virginia, after a prolonged peep at a rare book in the Peabody, which goes familiarly by the name of "Grandpa Thorpe," and which is neither more nor less than a translation of the above *Paraphrase*, is on a tiptoe of expectation of being called on to construe. But he is unfortunately passed by, and our modest and learned friend, who has been for several years tasting the sweets of instruction straight from Sievers and ten Brink, is requested to begin.

Every one settles down to the work in hand, and for some time nothing is heard but the voice of the translator, interrupted now and then by a correction or comment from the professor, often brightened by a flash of wit. In this manner one phase of the Seminary work is illustrated. Other phases are in their turn displayed—the latest criticisms on Anglo-Saxon, syntactical points, remarks on metre, grammatical constructions, etymologies of words.

The workroom of the students is found after patient search by the visitor to be the last of the four small alcoves at the end of the main library. The walls are lined with well-filled book-shelves. The visitor will look in vain for an edition of Scott's novels, but he will find instead, a tolerably complete set of the standards of the literature, novels excepted. If he ventures to look in, he may see an interesting sight. One student is eagerly reading one of the volumes that contains Orm's musical and exquisite verse; another is deep in the beauties and elegant periods of a German article in *Anglia*; still another is trying, with the perspiration standing in beads on his forehead, to reconcile the entanglements of Garnett's translation with the original *Beowulf*; a fourth, with clouded brow, is reading Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," while a fifth, with smiling face, is calmly perusing Ten Brink's entertaining and admirable treatise on Chaucer's language and versification—all are evidently bent on one of two things—either to learn something or to kill time, most probably the latter, the sacrilegious will say.

And now our visitor turns and goes away with no doubt the profound conviction that he will never imbibe the spirit of the policeman, who, seeing a university student with an armful of books, stopped him and asked what he was studying. "English," was the reply. "What!" exclaimed the policeman, with a burly dignity that would have done honor to Sir Toby Belch himself, "Study English! Why, *you know that already!*"



THE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

After leaving the University postoffice and climbing up one short and two very long stairways, one arrives, panting, at a door, on which is inscribed this legend and inscription: "Bluntschli Library." On opening that door, one finds himself in the heart of the Historical Department of the University. The first object that strikes a visitor's attention is an enormous table with chairs set around it. This is the family board, around which sit the various members of the household and receive literary food from the patriarch, who rules with jocund sway. At this table, on Friday nights (for we, like the Mohammedans, celebrate that day), meets that august body, the Seminary, which is delighted, or instructed, or—bored by papers on grave historical and economic subjects, written by its members. At times, however, the history of education, the Agrarian law, and other topics on which the students have worked, are all laid aside and, with open-mouthed wonder, they listen to tales of adventures with cannibals, or to recent sociological investigations, following the lines marked by Arnold Toynbee. (Peace to his ashes.) But history is not the only subject presented at this great table, for there we learn (or ought to) how to direct the administration of our country, discuss the analogies between Roman law and the law of England by means of schedules, and listen to the deep questions of political economy. Around the walls of the room and above the bookcases are likenesses graven, or depicted, of the great historians, put there to inspire us to do likewise. But the wonders are not yet exhausted, for at the further end of the room is our museum. There may be beheld editions *de luxe* of Japanese books, autographs of famous men, and relics of ancient Egypt. But not all of the museum is there. To behold the "Evolution of the Jackknife" one must go into the small recitation room, passing by the rooms of the professors in doing so.

The small recitation room itself is a marvel, and a proof of the success of the Hopkins in keeping men in a "black hole" without killing them. There we learn to appreciate the value of the "survivals" of Judaism in our modern life, and discuss all the various problems of International Law, as though a body of diplomats.

Still you have not completed the survey of the department. There are yet more world's to conquer, and you cross the "Bridge of Sigls" to room No. 9. There, on tiers like the seats of an amphitheatre, the freshmen learn, in the P. H. E. course, what the primitive men were like. On these same seats, sits the class in American Constitutional History, mingled of graduates and undergraduates, and here are discussed such knotty problems as, whether Captain John Smith saved Pocahontas, who discovered America, and who was George Washington?

Here too, meets the class in Elementary Political Economy, deep in the study of Ely and Mill.

To sum up the characteristics of the department, as they seem to one who is in it: Among all teachers and students, there is a sort of comradeship, a fraternity of interests and sympathy. Each one is interested in the other's work and is more than willing to aid his fellow by any means in his power. The men work, not because it is necessary, but because they delight in the task. Coöperation is the key to the success of the department. Meeting each other as the men do in the library from day to day, they all learn to know their fellow students well, and to understand them far better than is the case in many other places.

Many departments in the University are of high reputation; but none is better loved by its students than the one whose motto is "History is past Politics and Politics present History."



SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

There are five societies of a scientific or literary character composed of the instructors and advanced students of the University. These associations are of general interest and importance, and meet monthly or weekly for the presentation and discussion of literary and scientific papers. Abstracts of some of the more important communications are given in the University Circulars.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS:

<i>President,</i>	DR. G. H. WILLIAMS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	DR. W. K. BROOKS.
<i>Secretary,</i>	J. S. AMES.

THE PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS:

<i>President,</i>	PROF. BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.
<i>Secretary,</i>	DR. EDWARD H. SPIEKER.

THE MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.

OFFICERS:

<i>Director,</i>	PROF. SIMON NEWCOMB.
<i>Secretary,</i>	D. A. MURRAY.

THE HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS:

<i>Director,</i>	DR. HERBERT B. ADAMS.
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THE NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.

OFFICERS:

<i>President,</i>	DR. B. W. BARTON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	DR. E. A. ANDREWS.
<i>Chairman of Zoological Section,</i>	T. H. MORGAN.
<i>Chairman of Botanical Section,</i>	BASIL SOLLERS.
<i>Chairman of Geological Section,</i>	DR. G. H. WILLIAMS.
<i>Secretary,</i>	H. T. FERNALD.

The Naturalists' Field Club makes weekly excursions during the spring and autumn, and holds monthly meetings for the presentation and discussion of papers.

THE HOPKINS HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It is a sad thing to admit that not only is the art of oratory not encouraged, but that it is even discouraged in the Johns Hopkins University. Especially is this noticeable in the very department set apart in large measure for those who intend to practice law and ascend the rostrum. I refer, of course, to the Historical-Political Department. It is right, certainly, that those youths who come up to the University fresh from academical debating societies, and utterly under the domination of their emotions, should be shown that no scholarly work can be done in aught but the most cool-headed manner. But the emotions should not be chilled and deadened; oratorical talent should not be nipped in the bud and killed, as is often the case among the students of this department. The scholar, engrossed in delving in old archives, should not forget that it is the man of action, the man who goes out into the world to carry the thoughts of the scholar into practice, to battle with the cruel waves of *real* life, to labor for the happiness of mankind, who, after all, is the more important product of this department of the University; and such a man needs to be given an eloquent, if dignified, manner of speech.

This is to be developed in the debating society. But this is not all the debating society does. The knowledge of parliamentary law, the exercise of the reasoning power, the practice of repartee—all these are its beneficial products.

I do not hesitate to say that the Hopkins House of Commons, if properly managed according to the idea of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, its sagacious founder, would be of more importance and worth than the Historical Seminary. Why, then, do not the graduate students come in? Many of them have substantially admitted the above proposition, but they claim that the House is *not* "properly managed." They do not know or they forget that in its inception the House contained a majority of graduate members, and that the graduates have but to come in now to make it what they will.

The House during the present year has not had its usual success. Mr. Vernon Cook, its speaker, and others, have kept it in existence by hard work and great self-sacrifice. They have made it a point to come regularly to meetings, generally uninteresting, in order that they might preserve to coming Hopkins students that institution, which was the first of its kind and the model of all others in this country.

A large membership and a graduate membership is needed, and it is to be hoped, will be obtained. The bills introduced are on questions of all kinds likely to occupy the attention of City Council, Legislature or Congress. The Prime Ministers this year have been Messrs. Vernon Cook, Samuel H. Guggenheimer, Isaac L. Straus, Sylvan H. Lauchheimer and Oscar W. Zeigler. Other members of the various ministries have been Messrs. S. Guy Snowden, Sidney Sherwood, Ralph E. Carson, Lyman P. Powell and Victor Rosewater. Mr. Mordecai Strauss has been clerk.



OFFICERS:

<i>President,</i>	J. E. STOKES, '90.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	.	.	.	A. M. RANDOLPH JR., '91.	
<i>Secretary,</i>	.	.	.	J. C. JOHNSTON, '90.	

DELEGATES:

B. B. LANIER, '90.	.	.	.	W. WHITRIDGE, '90.
N. P. CAREY, '91.	.	.	.	G. S. BROWN, '92.

MATRICULATE SOCIETY.

Like all other Hopkins organizations, this Society has shared, and shared largely, in the general prosperity of the current session. Never in its history of seven years, has it enjoyed so much appreciation and support. When its earliest (and rather unfortunate, as it turned out) function, that of taking charge of the rooms and library, for the recreation of the students, was annulled (get the oldest inhabitant to tell the sad tale), it fell into a state of coma, finally to be awakened with a louder call. Since '87, the Executive Committee has inaugurated a series of hops in the "Gym." averaging three in the session. They have always been pleasant affairs, but, even last year, met with so little encouragement that the final Easter dance had to be given up. This year the case is different. The first, after much deliberation and argument, was given toward the middle of November, a respite followed, and another was posted on the bulletin boards for January. It was a glittering, a howling success. The girls turned out as they had not done since the time "when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." By nine o'clock, the sight was one to make the committees separate and individual heart burst with pride. As may possibly have occurred to you, girls are a very necessary adjunct to the success of a dance, and though the fair strangers, in whose honor especially, it was given, failed to materialize, Baltimore was quite equal to the task of filling the "Gym." with the loveliest specimens of the *genus homo*. The Easter hop? If I had Virgil's "hundred tongues and voice of iron," it would be inadequate to tell of the beauties, the glories the delights of the scene.

It was with feelings of the deepest regret that old '90's contingent of the committee, the largest, as it always is, in every good cause, took a long lingering glance, and came and looked again as the last straggler left, knowing that so far as they were concerned, the curtain was falling on the final scene, and a sorrow even harder to bear, that the mantle must descend on '91's shoulders.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

'Twas an afternoon in winter,
And outside 'twas very dreary,
While the lamplit room was cosy
And particularly cheery.

And she sat and filled the teacups,
And her every word and action
Was so witty and so pretty
That she drove me to distraction.

Then she offered us some crackers,
All the animals assorted,
And their edible proportions
Were not hopelessly distorted.

There were elephants and camels,
Hippopotami and leopards,
Polar-bears without their teeth,
And little sheep without their shepherds.

We nibbled, sipped and chatted,
And she was so bright charming,
That I felt my tact and wit
Were growing rapidly alarming.

When finally I rose to go
She begged I'd wait a minute,
And selected from the cracker bowl
The only cracker in it,

And found a piece of silken thread
To serve me for a tether
To lead off this memento
Of an afternoon together.

I slipped it in my pocket-book,
And put it in my pocket,
And kept it there as if it were
Her portrait in a locket.

But when at last I took it out,
The token, I discovered,
Was a little jackass on a string,
And I haven't yet recovered.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

<i>President,</i>	DR. M. D. LEARNED.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	B. C. STEINER.
<i>Corresponding Secretary,</i>	J. T. HARRISON.
<i>Recording Secretary,</i>	BARKER NEWHALL.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	DELANO AMES.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

THE OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION AND

MR. G. H. EMMOTT,	WM. HOWE TOLMAN.
C. F. WOODS, JR.	S. GUY SNOWDEN.
<i>Librarian,</i>	D. E. ROBERTS.
<i>Curator,</i>	HANSON HISS.

In 1882 a Young Men's Christian Association was organized at the University. In 1885 a change of name was effected, whereby the organization was known as the Christian Association; however, the scope of the work was the same as formerly. Progress was made in numbers and efficiency, and the Association was well supported by the students. In April, 1889, the total membership was 130. At that time it was believed that the sphere of usefulness of the Association would be very much widened if it should unite with the Inter-collegiate Y. M. C. A. Accordingly, that same month, the Christian Association joined the Inter-collegiate Y. M. C. A. Two delegates were sent to the International Convention, held in Philadelphia, May 7-12. The present number of universities and colleges in the Inter-collegiate Association is 327.

The administration of the Association is effected through an Executive Council, composed of the six officers and four members of the Association, one of whom shall be a member of the Faculty. Meetings of the council are held each month. The work is subdivided among twelve committees, a member of the Council being chairman of each, so far as possible. The average number of each committee is three, although some, from the nature of their work, are larger. This is true of the committees on membership and aggressive work.

A serious need of the Association had been a building adapted to the purposes of lectures and meetings. Mr. Eugene Levering, of Baltimore, has provided the Association with such a building. It is known as Levering Hall. The building was dedicated January 16. At that time the correspondence between Mr. Levering and the

Trustees was read. The acceptance of the building was made by Dr. M. D. Learned, President of the Association. Addresses were made by Mr. Wm. E. Dodge of New York, and Mr. Russel Sturgis of Boston. The final speaker was Dr. Merrill E. Gates, President of Rutgers's College.

On the main floor of Levering Hall is a large room, which is used for a library and reading room. Opening out of this is a smaller room with a seating capacity of about one hundred. This is used for the lectures and the daily chapel exercises. The attendance at chapel is voluntary. The second story contains the large hall of the building, seating about 450.

It is the aim of the Association to present the claims of its work in such a manner as to develop the true university spirit of its members, and also to keep in touch with all the forms of Christian activity in the city. A lecture course is given under the auspices of the Association, on alternate Sunday afternoons. The lectures are delivered by members of the faculty and by local clergymen. Two courses have been given for 1889—90. "The Leaders of Christian Thought in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," and "Leaders of the Early Christian Church." A portion of each course has been repeated at St. John's College, Annapolis.

The annual sermon before the Association was delivered by Bishop R. S. Foster, February 23d. The first course of a series of lectures supported by Mr. Levering, was given by Rev. John A. Broadus, D. D. of Louisville, Kentucky. The course consisted of three lectures on Jesus of Nazareth: "His Personal Character;" "His Ethical Teaching;" His Supernatural Works."

The present entire membership is 170. The object of the Association, as stated in its constitution, is the promotion of Christian fellowship, work, life and faith among men. Its policy is to maintain a true catholicity among its members, whereby they may realize the possibilities which they possess as university men, and employ them for the help of their fellow men in all the walks of life.



LEVERING HALL.

The truth of the old declaration, "Simplicity is beauty," was never more forcibly demonstrated than in Levering Hall, the new and permanent home of the Johns Hopkins Christian Association. The building is of brick and after the Romanesque style of architecture, with neat brown stone trimmings in large, rough-faced blocks up to the second story. On passing through the swinging front doors of massive oak, with heavy brass mountings, one enters a well-lighted hall of some twenty feet in width, running nearly the entire length of the building. On the right wall near the entrance is a slab of polished black marble, on which is inscribed in enameled letters on a brass plate the following:

THIS BUILDING
CONSTRUCTED AS A HOME
FOR THE
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
BY
EUGENE LEVERING, OF BALTIMORE,
Has been called by the Trustees of the
University
LEVERING HALL,
That the name of the donor may be gratefully
borne in mind.

As the spirit of the inscription implies, it is a lasting evidence of a Baltimorean's bounty. On the left of the entrance is a fine broad stairway of quartered oak, handsomely carved, leading to the spacious hall above, whilst on the right is a doorway leading into the reading-room and library, the very sight of which suggests comfort and quiet, and where non-resident students may find rest away from their 10x12 boarding-house rooms. The room is quite a large one, being fifty feet in length by thirty feet in width, and fitted up in a style speaking well for Mr. Levering's excellent taste. On the floor is a Brussels carpet of a neat pattern, and around are scattered numerous easy chairs where students may rest their weary bones, after listening to a thrilling, blood-curdling lecture in a hard lecture

chair, on subjects probably relating to Christian ethics or deductive logic. The fire-place is a work of art, where in cold weather a bright fire is usually kept burning. Over the fire-place is an elaborately carved mantel of ash representing a series of floral designs and scrolls. The ceiling is frescoed in soft colors pleasing to the eye. Behind the library is another and a smaller room where daily morning prayers and afternoon devotions are held. To the right of this is the indispensable committee room. At the head of the stairway leading to the second story is a small sunny room, Dean Griffin's *sanctum*, and if any student has never visited that room, let him stay away from drawing, or have five cuts against his name on some subject, and he will be quickly enlightened. Off from the Dean's room, and occupying nearly the entire second story, is the capacious lecture-room, having a seating capacity of four hundred and fifty. In this hall a student from the far West might readily imagine himself in a cathedral, minus the burning candles, the confessional and the smell of incense. With its lofty-arched rafters, handsomely and elaborately carved, beautiful stained glass windows, through which the light enters in soft rays of blue, yellow, red and purple, tinting the prostrate forms of *Nedwons*, *Seirved*, *Remiets*, *Denreal* or *Nosrac*, and artistically frescoed walls, this room is certainly a great improvement over Hopkins Hall, notwithstanding the latter's excellent ventilation.

As may be readily imagined, the building makes an imposing appearance, so different in architectural style from the laboratories on the same street, or the still handsomer buildings opposite them.





— '90, '90- Great and Mighty —

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE BANQUET OF THE CLASS OF '90.

About half after eight on Thursday night, December 19, sundry hungry-looking creatures could have been discerned making their way into the Carrollton Hotel. On this memorable night the "Mighty '90's" were to assemble to do their best to raise the price of provisions in Baltimore. The antiquity of this class is something remarkable, since it traces its history from the time of Knower and the Flood down to the time when the ever fresh "Chestnut" made its appearance. Judging from the ancient records, I had always supposed that Knower was a good steersman, but after the manner in which he circumnavigated the Flood on this night, this quality can no longer be attributed to him. Addresses were made by Messrs. Johnston, Humphreys, Cook, Guggenheimer, Whitelock and Hiss.

Mr. Johnston remarked that he was President of the Class of '90. Mr. Humphreys softly murmured that the greatness of the J. H. U. was due to the Class of '90; while Mr. Cook, after preparing us a nice dish of soup, spoiled it by pouring a Flood of Keech-up into it. Mr. Guggenheimer reiterated several times with great distinctness, "Oh! gentlemen, little do ye know!" (I am unable to say whether this remark was caused by the fact that several gentlemen were

unable to tell sherry from whisky or not.) Mr. Whitelock turned our athletic sports into a joke, and Mr. Hiss, whose theme was supposed to have been "The Press," gave us a strong article on pressing. At the first mention of the girls the McE. baby was seen sinking slowly out of sight under the table. This caused great excitement, in the midst of which the Flood came very near drowning him, but he was at last rescued and placed in a position of safety. After the regular toasts were over several impromptu speeches were made. (This is generally the case about this stage of a banquet.) Mr. Lauchheimer made some touching remarks on the trouble he experienced in getting certain sleepy members of the class awake in time to answer their questions, and in keeping away from the men who came in from the biological laboratory. Mr. Keech made some heartless remarks on the girls, and Mr. Snowden some very sensible ones on fraternity life. The concluding address was made by Mr. Straus.

All during the evening the toasts were interrupted by some remarks of Mr. Jhgoe Bdjoe, the class's only representative from the land of the Czar's. Owing to the strangeness of the gentleman's language, and Willy's strange interpretation of it, the class was unable to make much out of it. Among the distinguished gentlemen present were Messrs. Josephus Barbatus, Jr., Mr. J. Jhoe, of Russia; "Willy," Rooster, Lord F——y, and Mr. Keech.



THE ALUMNI DINNER.

OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION:

<i>President,</i>	MAURICE BLOOMFIELD. (Ph. D. 1879.)
<i>Secretary,</i>	J. HEMSLEY JOHNSON, (A. B. 1881.)
<i>Treasurer,</i>	DOUGLAS H. GORDON. (A. B. 1879.)

Additional Members of the Executive Council:

F. M. WARREN. (Ph. D. 1887.)
T. K. WORTHINGTON. (Ph. D. 1888.)
W. L. DEVRIES. (A. B. 1888.)

About four years ago the Alumni Association inaugurated the custom of having a dinner annually on the 22d of February, immediately after the commemoration exercises, and the practice has grown in popularity ever since. It is now one of the dearest privileges of a newly created Bachelor of Arts. The dinners are in no wise formal; in fact, they have ever been called "luncheons." But an affair of eight courses, serving Maryland's most delicious products, in the latest and best style known to Harris and the culinary art, certainly deserves the more dignified title of dinner. The last one was exceedingly enjoyable. Around the little tables in Hopkins Hall were seated about one hundred alumni of dear old Hopkins (many of them already celebrated), where college pranks and weightier subjects were discussed with evident relish over viands relished scarcely less. When the remains were cleared away, and cigars produced, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, as President of the Association and Toast-Master, in a few well-chosen words, introduced Acting President Remsen, who did full justice to his already well-established reputation for wit and entertaining speeches. He told how Hopkins Hall, the scene of so many pleasant social gatherings and interesting lectures, would soon be transformed into a chemical lecture room; how the noise of the saw and other instruments peculiar to the carpenter would shortly drown the echo of their voices. It grieved him to think of the near future, when the room, then so full of cigar smoke, would reek with chemical vapors. With false tears in his eyes and real ones in his voice, the professor gave place to Dr. Henry M. Hurd, of the Hopkins Hospital. A casual observer would not think the doctor was very witty. But he is. He said he would speak of the past, present and future of the Hospital, and compared himself to an old minister who prided himself on always speaking extemporaneously. "What would you do," said a friend, "if you

lost the thread of your discourse?" "H'm," replied the divine, "I would hold up my right hand with three fingers extended, and say, 'Brethren and sistern, there be three things,' and then, sir, I'd think like thunder." After dwelling for a time on the work of the hospital, the doctor spoke of the younger members of the University Faculty of Medicine. "Not young in years," the speaker hastened to say in response to the knowing smiles that overspread the faces of those present. "Many of us have bald heads." This naturally brought Dr. R——'s broad expanse of highly-polished cranium into b(a)old relief, and he counterfeited much annoyance.

Speeches were also made by Dr. James Carey Thomas, Dr. T. Hemsley Johnson and Mr. Joseph Sweetmore Ames.

Much regret was expressed that Dr. E. M. Hartwell did not give an account of his travels abroad.

CAVE CANEM.

(PETRONIUS 29.)

You fellows seem to think it's mighty funny, and perhaps
It may be very humorous indeed for all you chaps;

But I'll bet you'd all laugh loud enough to bust yourselves in two
If that critter got a mouthful of my hind legs to chew;

And it wouldn't be so pleasant for the owner of my hair
If you all could persuade him that that dog is painted there.

It appears you think I ought to be an easy one to fool,
Because it's after dinner, and I've not had time to cool,

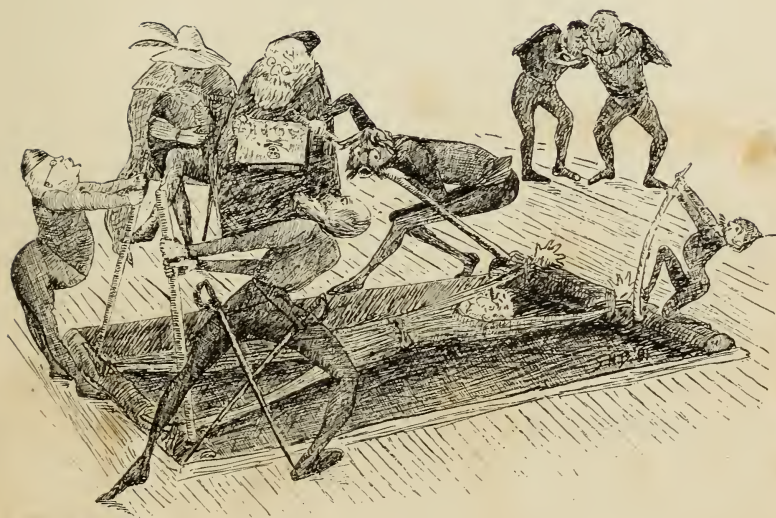
But you're left, by jingo, if you think that I'm afraid to fall,
Because I am so friendly and familiar with this wall.

It's not support I'm after, I've a good prop in each boot,
But I like the farthest possible removal from that brute;

I'll be past him in a minute, and then you'll see me walk
Along the middle of this hall as if 'twas marked with chalk,

I know a meat-axe from a spade, and a camel from a cow,
And I know that dog ain't painted, I can see him moving now.

SECRET



SOCIETIES.

BETA THETA PI FRATERNITY.

LIST OF CHAPTERS.

Harvard	<i>Eta.</i>	Miama.....	<i>Alpha.</i>
Brown.....	<i>Kappa.</i>	Ohio.....	<i>Beta Kappa.</i>
Boston.....	<i>Upsilon.</i>	Western Reserve	<i>Beta.</i>
Maine State.....	<i>Beta Eta.</i>	Wash.-Jefferson.. ..	<i>Gamma.</i>
Amherst.....	<i>Beta Iota.</i>	Ohio Wesleyan.....	<i>Theta.</i>
Dartmouth.....	<i>Alpha Omega.</i>	Bethany.....	<i>Psi.</i>
Stevens.....	<i>Sigma.</i>	Wittenberg.....	<i>Alpha Gamma.</i>
Cornell	<i>Beta Delta.</i>	Denison.....	<i>Alpha Eta.</i>
St. Lawrence.....	<i>Beta Zeta.</i>	Wooster.....	<i>Alpha Lambda.</i>
Madison.....	<i>Beta Theta.</i>	Kenyon.....	<i>Beta Alpha.</i>
Union.....	<i>Nu.</i>	Ohio State	<i>Theta Delta.</i>
Columbia	<i>Alpha Alpha.</i>	DePauw.....	<i>Delta.</i>
Syracuse.....	<i>Beta Epsilon.</i>	Indiana.....	<i>Pi.</i>
Dickinson.....	<i>Alpha Sigma.</i>	Michigan.....	<i>Lambda.</i>
Johns Hopkins.....	<i>Alpha Chi.</i>	Wabash.....	<i>Tau.</i>
University of Penn.....	<i>Phi.</i>	Hanover.....	<i>Iota.</i>
Pa. State College...	<i>Alpha Upsilon.</i>	Knox.....	<i>Alpha Xi.</i>
Hampden-Sidney.....	<i>Zeta.</i>	Beloit.....	<i>Chi.</i>
Univ. of N. Carolina....	<i>Eta Beta.</i>	Iowa State.....	<i>Alpha Beta.</i>
Virginia.....	<i>Omicron.</i>	Iowa Wesleyan....	<i>Alpha Epsilon.</i>
Richmond.....	<i>Alpha Kappa.</i>	Wisconsin.....	<i>Alpha Pi.</i>
Davidson.....	<i>Phi Alpha.</i>	Northwestern.....	<i>Rho.</i>
Randolph-Macon.....	<i>Xi.</i>	Westminster.....	<i>Alpha Delta.</i>
Centre.....	<i>Epsilon.</i>	Kansas.....	<i>Alpha Nu.</i>
Cumberland.....	<i>Mu.</i>	California.....	<i>Omega.</i>
Mississippi.....	<i>Beta Beta.</i>	Denver.....	<i>Alpha Zeta.</i>
Vanderbilt.....	<i>Beta Lambda.</i>	Nebraska.....	<i>Alpha Tau.</i>
Texas.....	<i>Beta Omicron.</i>		



Dreka Phila.

BETA THETA PI FRATERNITY.

ALPHA CHI CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1839. CHAPTER FOUNDED 1878.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Alexander M. Carroll, A. M.	George Lefevre, '91.
Charles E. Simon, A. B.	Earl P. Lothrop, '92.
Albert B. Faust, A. B.	Charles F. Painter, '91.
J. Elliott Gilpin, A. B.	James C. Johnston, '90.
Waldo Newcomer.	Robert P. Bigelow, S. B.
L. Bradley Dorr, '90.	George E. Cox, '92.
William I. Hull, A. B.	Walter C. Brigham, '91.
Delano Ames, '90.	C. A. Hoch, Special Graduate.
Brantz M. Roszel, A. B.	C. Pliny Brigham, A. B.
Edwin S. Faust, '90.	William R. McKeen, Jr., S. B.
S. Guy Snowden, '90.	Vernon Cook, '90.
Charles F. Woods, Jr., '91.	Lester L. Stevens, '92.
Charles G. Baldwin, '91.	Harry A. Bumstead, '91.

MEMBERS OF THE FRATERNITY AT THE UNIVERSITY.

E. C. Applegarth, A. B.	Edwin S. Lewis, A. B.
Alfred Bagby, Jr., A. B.	Henry P. Manning, A. M.
T. M. Beadenkoff, A. B., B. D.	Henry R. McIlwaine, A. B.
Henry T. Fernald, S. B.	Alonzo D. Moffett, A. M.
C. H. Hammond, Jr., A. M.	Fred. W. Spiers, S. B.
James T. Hatfield, A. M.	W. H. Tolman, A. M.
Benjamin C. Hinde, A. M.	L. L. Van Slyke, Ph. D.
Theodore Hough, A. B.	John White, Jr., A. B.
Henry H. Wiegand, A. B.	

FRATRES IN URBE.

L. T. Appold.	E. T. Lambdin, M. D.	James Reaney, Jr.
William W. Baden.	J. R. Larus.	Rev. George Scholl.
W. S. Bayley.	Arthur Lincoln Lamb.	Samuel Sessions.
Daniel L. Brinton.	F. M. Latham, M. D.	Henry Shirk, Jr.
Powhattan Clarke.	J. E. Lindsay, M. D.	Benj. Bitteringer Shreeves
R. C. Cole, Jr.	John Loney.	Willoughby N. Smith.
W. Benton Crisp.	J. D. Lord, Jr.	William Flood Smith.
John W. Detrick.	John H. Lowe.	Rev. W. R. Stricklen.
T. I. Elliott.	Edward McDowell, Jr.	Herbert Tiffany.
Thomas Spear Fearn.	J. N. McKenzie, M. D.	G. B. Wade.
Edgar Goodman.	Wm. Howard Miller.	W. A. Wade.
William A. Hanway.	William L. Marbury.	L. W. Wilhelm.
R. M. Isaac.	J. R. Page, M. D.	Rev. L. B. Wilson.
John Johnson, Jr.		J. R. Winslow.

PHI KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

Cornell.	University of South Carolina.
Syracuse.	University of Mississippi.
Hobart.	Ohio Wesleyan.
Colgate.	Wittenberg.
Washington and Jefferson.	Wooster.
Allegheny.	Ohio State University.
Bucknell.	De Pauw.
Pennsylvania.	University of Indiana.
Dickinson.	Wabash.
Franklin and Marshall.	Northwestern.
Lafayette.	University of Michigan.
University of Pennsylvania.	Univesrity of Wisconsin.
Swarthmore.	Beloit.
Johns Hopkins.	University of Iowa.
University of Virginia.	University of Minnesota.
Washington and Lee.	University of Kansas.
Hampden-Sidney.	University of the Pacific.



PHI KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY.

MARYLAND ALPHA CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED, 1852.

CHAPTER FOUNDED, 1879.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

M. A. Agelasto.	W. A. Eckels.	B. B. Lanier.
T. M. Brown.	D. H. Gordon.	C. R. McKay.
H. Burrough, Jr.	W. Griffiss.	A. S. Mackenzie.
George Carey.	C. H. Haskins.	J. F. Mitchell.
N. P. Carey.	R. N. Hubbard.	W. P. Mustard.
W. W. Randall.	W. W. Willoughby.	

MEMBERS ON THE ACADEMIC STAFF.

J. W. Bright.	M. D. Learned.	G. A. Liebig.
Woodrow Wilson.	C. H. Haskins.	

FRATRES IN URBE.

William Baker, Jr.	B. B. Gordon.	J. G. Pitts.
H. J. Bowdoin.	E. R. L. Gould.	John Pleasants.
John Bridges.	W. J. Guard.	R. H. Pleasants, Jr.
Alexander Brown.	W. N. Haxall.	S. Johnson Poe.
H. M. Brown.	S. Hodges.	P. M. Prescott.
H. M. Brune.	C. M. Howard.	G. J. Preston.
E. C. Carrington.	J. S. Jones.	Albert Ritchie.
J. Howell Carroll.	F. A. Kurtz.	Carroll H. Robinson.
W. K. Cromwell.	P. M. Leakin.	N. R. Smith.
P. J. Dashiell.	Allan McLane, Jr.	H. M. Thomas.
P. S. Dickey.	R. M. McLane, Jr.	I. R. Trimble.
E. J. Farber.	Robert Magruder.	P. W. Tunstall.
Fredk. Farber.	J. T. Mason of R.	W. B. Tunstall.
H. J. Farber.	R. H. Murphy, Jr.	R. M. Venable.
Charles Frick.	D. M. Murray.	J. H. Wilmer.
G. F. Gephart.	John Neff.	J. F. Williams.
D. S. Gittings.	G. D. Penniman.	Hiram Woods, Jr.
W. L. Glenn.	W. B. D. Penniman.	T. K. Worthington.

DELTA PHI FRATERNITY.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Union College.....*Alpha*. University of Pennsylvania...*Eta*.
Brown University.....*Beta*. Rensselaer Pol. Insti.....*Lambda*.
New York University.....*Gamma*. Lehigh University.....*Nu*.
Columbia College.....*Delta*. Johns Hopkins University.....*Xi*.
Rutgers College.....*Epsilon*. Sheffield Sc'ntf'c School.*Omicron*.
Harvard University.....*Zeta*.



WOOD

DELTA PHI FRATERNITY.

XI CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1827. CHAPTER FOUNDED 1885.

REGULAR MEMBERS:

William Hand Browne, Jr., '90.	Madison Brown, '91.
James A. Emery, '90.	Sidney H. Browne, '91.
Benjamin C. Howard, '90.	George W. Dobbin, Jr., '91.
William B. Paca, '90.	Charles McH. Howard, '91.
J. Ernest Stokes, '90.	Alfred W. Pleasants, '91.
Thomas H. Symington, '90.	Alfred M. Randolph, Jr., '91.
William Whitridge, '90.	W. Stuart Symington, Jr., '91.
A. Duval Atkinson, '92.	

GRADUATES:

Arthur L. Browne, A. B., '88.	G. W. Field, A. B., Brown Univ., '88.
Samuel V. Hoffman, M. E., Stevens' Institute, '89.	
Philip R. Moale, A. B., '89.	

FRATRES IN URBE:

Thomas C. Jenkins.	Eugene Levering, Jr.	D. Meredith Reese, M.D.
Robert Tunstal Taylor.	J. W. Williams, M. D.	E. P. Manning.
Thomas Whitridge.	Henry O. Thompson.	Hunter A. Robb, M. D.
Lewis Morris.	Harry B. Buck.	Ross W. Whistler.

ALPHA DELTA PHI.

FOUNDED AT HAMILTON COLLEGE, 1832.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS:

Hamilton . . .	Hamilton College . . .	1832.
Columbia . . .	Columbia College . . .	1836.
Amherst . . .	Amherst College . . .	1836.
Brunonian . . .	Brown University . . .	1837.
Harvard . . .	Harvard University . . .	1837.
Hudson . . .	Adelbert College . . .	1841.
Bowdoin . . .	Bowdoin College . . .	1841.
Dartmouth . . .	Dartmouth College . . .	1845.
Peninsular . . .	University of Michigan . . .	1846.
Rochester . . .	University of Rochester . . .	1851.
Williams . . .	Williams College . . .	1851.
Manhattan . . .	College of the City of N. Y. . .	1855.
Middletown . . .	Wesleyan University . . .	1856.
Kenyon . . .	Kenyon College . . .	1858.
Union . . .	Union University . . .	1859.
Cornell . . .	Cornell University . . .	1870.
Phi Kappa . . .	Trinity College . . .	1878.
Yale . . .	Yale University . . .	1888.
Johns Hopkins . . .	John Hopkins University . . .	1889.



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ALPHA DELTA PHI.

JOHNS HOPKINS CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1832. CHAPTER FOUNDED 1889.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE:

John McEwen Ames.	John Hanson Thomas McPherson.
Joseph Sweetman Ames.	George Clarence Morrison.
William Steenbergen Blackford.	Charles Lane Poor.
William Julian Albert Bliss.	William Peters Reeves.
Shellman Baer Brown.	Howard Barry Shipley.
George Stewart Brown.	Bernard Christian Steiner.
William Levering Devries.	Charles Morton Stewart, Jr.
Clarence Campbell Freeman.	Gustav Lurman Stewart.
Charles Jaques Goodwin.	John Stewart, Jr.
James Shaler Hodges.	Redmond Conyngham Stewart.
Hugh Judge Jewett, Jr.	John Stone Stone.
Henry Webster Keating.	Douglass Hamilton Thomas, Jr.
Edward Parkin Keech, Jr.	Julian Leroy White.
John Dawson McDonald.	James Homer Wright.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE:

Daniel G. Gilman.	George H. Williams.	W. B. Clark.
	F. M. Warren.	

FRATRES IN URBE:

W. H. H. Anderson.	George W. Dudley.	Henry R. Micks.
Leigh Bonsal.	B. H. Griswold.	J. Alexander Preston.
J. R. Brackett.	G. Blagdon Hazlehurst.	C. Bohn Slingluff.
Rev. J. P. Campbell.	Charles A. Hill.	Charles D. Lanier.
Samuel S. Carroll.	G. G. Hooper.	J. Donnell Smith.
Bernard M. Carter.	J. Checkley Keighler.	Felix R. Sullivan.
Charles H. Carter.	Richard H. Lawrence.	Henry Stockbridge.
Rev. Walter C. Clapp.	Rev. E. A. Lawrence.	Rev. W. S. Watkins, Jr.
Samuel C. Donaldson.	D. E. Lyman.	Rev. Franklin Wilson.

MEMBERS OF FRATERNITIES HAVING NO CHAPTERS AT THE UNIVERSITY.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA.

C. H. Ross.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

J. D. Bruce.
Austin Carey.

P. E. Lauer.

C. D. Hazen.
H. B. Loomis.

DELTA TAU DELTA.

N. A. Flood.
G. F. Smith.

D. H. Holmes.
C. R. Keyes.

DELTA PSI.

F. J. Mather, Jr.

ZETA PSI.

J. R. Monroe.

L. E. Munoz.

THETA DELTA CHI.

C. A. Borst.

S. G. Stacey.

THETA PHI.

U. S. Grant.

KAPPA ALPHA (SOUTHERN ORDER).

W. C. Bell.

T. P. Harrison.

C. H. Herty.

C. A. Smith.

KAPPA DELTA PI.

Hanson Hiss.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON.

E. W. Fay.

SIGMA CHI.

N. C. McPherson. J. C. Robertson. G. L. Swigett. S. K. Smith.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

G. H. Gilman.
H. B. Loomis.

C. J. Goodwin.
C. A. Borst.

T. E. McKinney.
C. D. Hazen.

C. L. Poor.
B. C. Steiner.

PHI GAMMA DELTA.

G. H. Gilman.
F. C. Howe.

T. E. McKinney.
E. P. Kohler.

J. A. Woodburn.
S. C. Harry.

PHI DELTA THETA.

W. Bignell.
J. F. Heisse.

J. M. Hill.
A. Stephenson.

E. Niles.
G. Petrie.

L. P. Powell.
Jesse Woodward.

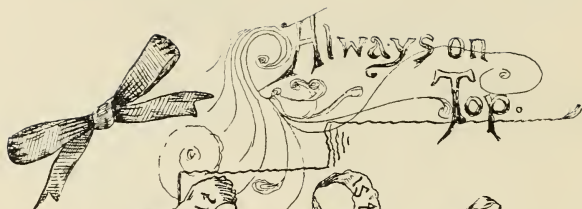
PSI UPSILON.

G. T. Files.

G. M. Richardson.



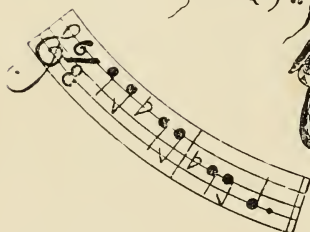
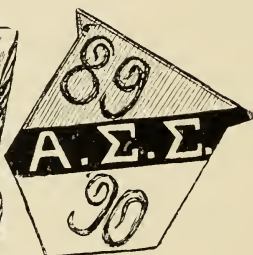
Local • Organizations.



+



"NOT LESS THAN 10"
"NOR MORE THAN 30"



SKETCH OF A. Σ. Σ. OF J. H. U.

"Though it be written down, forget not that I am an ass."—*Adapted from "Much Ado About Nothing."*

MEMBERS.

T. MORRIS BROWN.

GEORGE CAREY.

GEORGE LEFEVRE.

N. POE CAREY.

J. FARNANDIS MITCHELL.

GEORGE W. DOBBIN, JR.

GEORGE C. MORRISON.

D. DORSEY GUY.

CHARLES F. PAINTER.

HENRY MCE. KNOWER.

W. STUART SYMINGTON, JR.

WILLIAM KNOWER.

CHARLES F. WOODS, JR.

A. Σ. Σ. first saw the light in the southwest corner of the gymnasium at 6 P. M. on January 25, 1889, and its history from that moment down to the present time is a long series of brilliant events, the complete account of which, if written out, would fill the whole "Medley." Four spirits, coming together by elective affinity, drew up the constitution and by-laws of the society which became known as the A. Σ. Σ. of the J. H. U. A small piece of red ribbon was selected as the badge, and that most unjustly abused animal, the donkey, was chosen as the emblem. This called down upon our heads the ridicule of some of our fellow-students, and we were dubbed the "Society of Asses," the taunt, it might be incidentally remarked, making no impression whatever. Not many days had passed before the number of members had increased to six, and scarcely had the wounds healed which had been inflicted on a couple of the weaker brethren in initiating a rather fractious and athletic candidate, when two more hitherto unenlightened mortals were admitted within the fold. These eight Sigmas during the remaining part of '89 pursued the even tenor of their way, and many a happy hour they spent in chasing pleasure down the bay. The vacation came, when they were all separated for a while, but the summer months passed rapidly by, and the opening of October found every Sigma in his accustomed place. At the first meeting thereafter A. Σ. Σ. was entirely reorganized, and, now recognized as a firmly-established society at the University, was launched forth into college life with the brightest of hopes. The membership was limited to thirteen, a number in ill-repute in popular prejudice, but a misfortune is yet to be recorded on the pages of A. Σ. Σ.'s history. Arrangements were soon made for the initiation of a quartette, and on that memorable night the Sigma's cup of joy was filled to the brim. This was an event that can hardly be forgotten; at any rate it will not fade from the memory of those four for some time to come. But space will not permit us to dwell on further incidents, as the adoption of the *unique* ring; the numerous excursions in pursuit

of pleasure; the "feeds," where the ever-present infant was never known to falter in its duty; a foot-ball game at Clifton, where Sigmas "bore the brunt of the battle" and a "phantom touch-down" scored; the feuds over the ribbons, and finally, the initiation of the thirteenth member.

In the opinion of ignorant persons we were considered a good-natured, happy-go-lucky set of fellows, whose sole aim in life was to have a good time; but an event lately happened which banished effectually this unfair sentiment and showed conclusively that Sigmas are made of sterner stuff, and can and do work for worthy causes. The Athletic Association was sorely in need of money, and Sigmas set their brains a working to devise some plan whereby substantial aid could be given it. A minstrel show was decided upon, and, after a great deal of very hard work on the part of the committee, manager and a number of other students, who lent valuable assistance, the entertainment was given at the Lyceum Theatre on the 28th of last February before a house crowded with friends of the J. H. U.

It was conducted entirely under the auspices of A. Z. Z., and was by universal acclamation declared to be the most artistic and financially successful event in the annals of the students of the University. A clear gain of \$200 was realized, and this sum turned over to the Athletic Association.

A. Z. Z. had now reached the pinnacle of fame, on which lofty eminence she is now resting in calm composure. A great many complimentary notices, congratulating A. Z. Z. on its "efficient management of the recent minstrel entertainment," have appeared in the newspapers of Baltimore, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and also in various foreign journals. A few days since a message was received by cable from the Grand Vizier of Persia, stating how the Shah, the "Haughty Monarch of the Eastern Climes," on hearing of the "minstrels," was thrown into transports of joy; and Queen Victoria, on the advice of her son, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, who has ever graciously shown his appreciation of American amusements, has changed the emblem of England from the Lion to the Ass.

And now this brief sketch has been brought down to the present time, and when the brilliant prospects for A. Z. Z. in the near future have become realities of the past, the thread here dropped may be caught up by another hand.



SIGMA TAU KAPPA.

MEMBERS.

A. L. Browne.
H. Burrough, Jr.

G. H. Gilman.
S. V. Hoffman.

A. M. Randolph, Jr.
J. A. Emery.

A (WOULD-BE) PARODY.

SELF-EXPLANATORY TO EVERY UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AT J. H. U.

To cut or not to cut, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the student to suffer
The slings and arrows of the outraged instructor,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And now, by cutting, end them, *pro tem?* To go—to cut—
No more; and by a cut, to say we end
The heartache and the shocks of "quiz"
That student flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To go—to cut—
To cut! Perchance receive a note:
[Please call at my room, No. —, etc.]

ay, there's the rub,
For in that interview with—what complications may arise
When we have shuffled up to our adviser's room,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of more than three unexcused cuts;
For who would bear the expositions in a quiz,
The assistant's wrong, the classmates' grins,
The pangs of disprised effort, the mark's delay,
The insolence of office, and those irritating things—
The knowing and indulgent smiles of wise men—
Not to mention the weariness of syllogism, counter-indication and
obversion

When he himself might his own peace secure
With a bare cut? Who would these fardles bear,
To grunt and sweat under an enforced presence,
But that the dread of something after cut,
The inevitable result, in form a special examination,
And that dread interview
In our adviser's room, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills of quiz (of which we have an
inkling)

Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus "quizzes" do make cowards of us all,
And thus the bold and desperate resolution
We took last night while at our studies (?)
Is sicklied o'er with dread forebodings;
And the prospective cut, of so much pith and moment
With this regard, its current turns awry
And loses name of action.



Director,	Dr. F. M. Warren.
Leader,	A. M. Randolph, Jr., '91.	
Business Manager,	James C. Johnston, '90.	

First Tenor.

W. Griffiss, '92.
 Gustav L. Stewart, '92.
 John Stewart, Jr., '92.
 Dr. F. M. Warren.

Second Tenor.

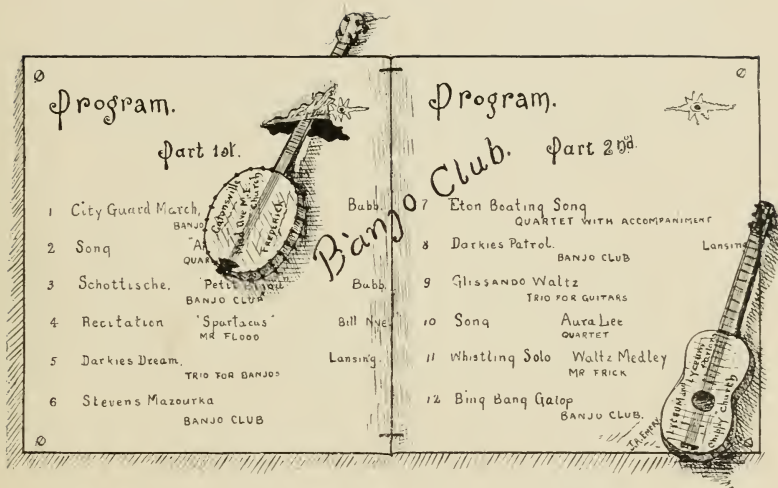
George T. Files, Graduate.
 C. Morton Stuart, Jr., '92.
 Horace Burrough.
 James E. Hewes, '92.

First Bass.

N. Poe Carey, '91.
 J. S. Hodges, Graduate.
 C. R. McKay, '92.
 J. P. Gerry, '90.

Second Bass.

George C. Morrison, '90.
 T. S. Baker, '91.
 Alfred M. Randolph, Jr., '91.
 Charles F. Woods, Jr., '91.



President, H. McE. Knower, '90.
 Manager, James C. Johnston, '90.
 Leader, G. W. Dobbin, '91.

First Banjos.

G. W. Dobbin, Jr., '91.
 P. L. Wickes, Jr., '93.
 R. W. Hodges, '93.
 W. S. Blackford, '92.

Second Banjos.

J. A. Emery.
 D. H. Thomas, Jr. '93.

Banjoine.

W. R. McKeen, Jr., Graduate.

Guitars.

C. A. Smith, Graduate.
 J. S. Hodges, Graduate.
 F. D. Love, Graduate.
 J. C. Johnston, '90.

HISTORY OF THE BANJO CLUB.

The second year of the Banjo Club's existence has been one of pronounced success, financially, musically, and socially. The college year 1889-90, has witnessed the onward march of the Hopkins' musical freaks to one grand victory, culminating in a *tout ensemble*, the dimensions of which I am unable to estimate. It was at first feared that there would be lack of material, but this proved to be a popular fallacy, for the membership of the Club was greatly increased and strengthened at the beginning of the year. The first meeting of the Club was enthusiastic. Among those present were Dobbin, Johnston, Flood, Whitelock, Emery, Hodges, Wright and others prominent in University and Y. M. C. A. work. The Committee on Horse-play, continued from last year, submitted its report through Dobbin and Hodges. After a somewhat lengthy discussion of the report, Flood was appointed Secretary *pro tem*, and in a few well chosen words he complimented the members upon their sagacity. An election of officers followed with this result: President, Jo Jo Aurelius Knower; vice-president, Dobbin; secretary, Willie Blackford; manager-treasurer, Sig. Alpina Jimma Johnstona. The Club now consisted of the following men: Dobbin, '91; Wickes, '99; R. Hodges, '98; Blackford, '92; McKeen, spec.; Thomas, '92; Smith, graduate, J. S. Hodges, graduate; Howard, spec.; Love, graduate; Johnston, '90; Emery, spec.; Flood, '90; Wright, '90; Whitelock, '90. Several of these, however, were compelled to resign. Wright's time was occupied with his mission-school work, and Whitelock continued his Psychological study of self-consciousness, with special reference to theory as opposed to practice.

Early in December, the first concert was given for the Ladies' Society of Emanuel Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Lyceum Theatre parlors. So great was the success of this entertainment that on February 7, '90, a second concert was given at the Lyceum, this time the Club appearing for its own benefit, being assisted by Frick in whistling solos, and Flood in recitation.

The newspaper notices of the Club's concerts up to this time had been encouraging and commendatory. Indeed some were brilliant. Those printed in the *Sun* would have done credit to a two-year-old jackass.

February 22d was a festal day at Catonsville and the Banjo Club was secured to cap the climax of the festivities by giving one of their now famous concerts. The trip from Baltimore was made in 'busses.

A delegation of seven hundred Hopkins men (depending somewhat on the number of men) accompanied the artists. The audience was large and luscious. The Club was assisted by Whistlefreak, Spartacus and the quartet. A magnificent reception, indeed I may say an ovation of large size, followed the concert at St. Timothy's school. The Club was greeted and entertained royally by over sixty laughing schoolgirls. This event will go rollicking down the ages, and find a resting place in the garden of history as one glorious crimson sunset for the Banjo Club. The next date was within the walls of that old historic stamping ground, popularly known to the youth of our time as Fredericktown. The club played with wonderful efficiency, the quartet sang their way right into the hearts of the people, Whistlefreak almost blew himself loose from the chains that bound him, and Spartacus electrified the audience, drawing his inspiration from the bald-headed row. After a short informal reception at the Opera House, the Club returned to their hotel where they were serenaded by the Mayor and City Council.

The next appearance was at Grace M. E. Church in Baltimore, on March 13. The quartet was not present owing to a difficulty with the management of the Club about the payment of back salaries. Baker sang a charming solo with piano accompaniment by Sig. ChewatobaccJonesfalls, imported from East Baltimore for the occasion. Whistlefreak and Spartacus each gave two numbers and as many encores.

On March 21, the aggregation delighted a large and really appreciative and beautiful audience at the Madison Avenue M. E. Church. Spartacus favored the assembled multitude with an account of his travels in Rome and Utah. A reception followed the entertainment.

About this time the people in the towns and cities of Virginia began to feel that life was worth living after all. Industry thrived, real-estate took on a boom, onions sold at 37½ cents per bushel, there were indications of dividends on B. & O. stock to be paid in the far distant future, and the hotel proprietors began to oil up the springs of their "spring chickens" for use in the summer trade. The cause of this onward march toward civilization and progress, is simple. Flaming posters proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the Old Dominion that the Johns Hopkins University Glee and Banjo Clubs would make a tour of the State during Easter week. About this time, Spartacus, having returned from his prospecting tour in Virginia, was appointed business manager to assist "Oscar Johnsing."

Inasmuch as the tour covered a period of two days more than the time given for the spring vacation, the Faculty were petitioned to extend the time, excusing the members of the clubs from attendance upon classes, for the extra two days. The request was granted with the *proviso* that each man should present a letter to the Faculty from his guardian or parents approving the plan. The following letter, posted in the gymnasium on March 28, written by some

philanthropic, versatile student will serve as a sample of the communications received by the Faculty:

DEAR FACULTY:

APRIL 2, 1890.

I do hope you will let Willie go with the Banjo and Glee Clubs. He has been working hard and needs a change. Willie is a good boy, and I think you ought to let him go. Please remember me kindly to Mr. Green, the postmaster.

Yours cordially,

PAPA.

P. S.—Please, dear Faculty, let my Willie go. MAMMA.

I have neglected to mention the organization of the new Glee Club, which was formed early in March through the efforts of the Banjo Club. Its musical success is due in a large degree to the instruction and training of Dr. F. M. Warren.

On Tuesday evening, April 8, both clubs boarded one of the Bay Line steamers at Baltimore, and the next morning twenty-five Hopkins men breakfasted at Norfolk, Va. I shall always remember that night on board ship. Early in the evening we gave an informal *soiree* in the *salon*, for which no admission fee was charged. We all retired shortly after eleven o'clock. The cares and trials of the day, mingled with thoughts of Virginia hotel board, must have weighed heavily on my mind, for I could not sleep. Leisurely dressing, I lighted my pipe and strolled out on deck. The giant vessel rose and fell upon the crest of the waves, while I leaned against an ice-covered spar and looked abstractedly into the *decoleté* bosom of the fishy Chesapeake. I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by shrieks of pain issuing from the staterooms occupied by Jonnston, Emery, Thomas, Dobbin, Cupid Love, Smith, Files and others. It took but a moment for me to realize the presence of something akin to a young volcano which was making sad havoc of the internal organisms of more than one Hopkins man. Aye, a fearful cyclone of seasickness had swept over, or rather through, the aggregation, and I alone was preserved. Each of the afflicted had his own tale of woe to tell, and each insisted upon illustrating the subject. One would have thought that all the women in the universe had assembled to discuss woman's sufferage or some other stirring question of the day, and that Barnum's menagerie was holding an opposition convention. But we will let this pass.

The Norfolk audience was immense. The large Academy of Music was packed. Special trains brought numerous delegations from the surrounding towns. The tour certainly had an auspicious beginning. On Thursday morning we crossed the bay, *en route* to Hampton, where two thousand people, chiefly members of the G. A. R., greeted us before the footlights in the evening. Friday, April 11, found us in Petersburg, Va. The audience taxed the Opera House to its utmost capacity. We were entertained royally, given a german, and enjoyed it immensely. On Saturday, the 12th, we left Petersburg early by special train, arriving in Charlottesville at three

o'clock in the afternoon. The whole town turned out to hear the concert, after which we were delightfully entertained by the Maryland and Kentucky Clubs of the University of Virginia. Sunday morning we left Charlottesville and arrived at Baltimore in the evening.

The Easter tour was a brilliant success. Two more concerts, one in Washington, the other in Baltimore, were given during April and May. They were equally as good as the preceding ones, and, indeed, I may say better.

I have attempted to narrate, in a modest way, the story of the Banjo and Glee Clubs during the past year. Believe me, dear reader, it is a true story. I have simply related what has passed under my observation during my connection with the clubs.

If the reader of these lines will kindly ponder over the moral lesson contained therein I shall feel as though I had not lived in vain or Baltimore.

SPARTACUS.



JOHNS HOPKINS MINSTRELS,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

ALPHA SIGMA SIGMA FRATERNITY,

LYCEUM THEATRE, FEBRUARY 28, 1890.

Tambos :

N. POE CAREY,

B. B. LANIER,

D. D. GUY.



Bones :

C. H. HERTY,

G. W. DOBBIN, JR.

GEORGE CAREY.

Interlocutor :

W. P. REEVES.

Line :

T. S. BAKER,

T. M. BROWN,

G. T. FILES,

J. STEWART, JR.

C. S. WOODS,

C. ROY MCKAY,

J. McE. AMES,

E. P. MANNING.

W. B. PACA,

G. C. MORRISON,

G. L. STEWART,

Musical Director :

MR. READ.

Directors :

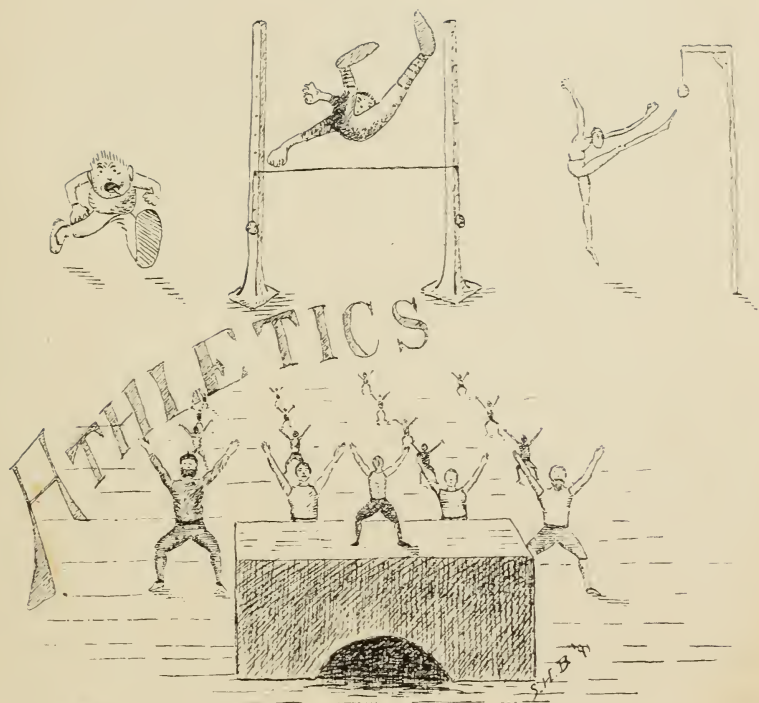
T. M. BROWN,

N. POE CAREY,

C. S. WOODS.

Business Manager :

G. C. MORRISON.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS:

<i>President,</i>	DR. EDWARD RENOUF.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	C. H. HERTY.
<i>Secretary,</i>	W. W. WILLOUGHBY.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	BENJ. HOWARD.

DIRECTORS:

DR. HARTWELL,	B. B. LANIER,	GEORGE CAREY,
GEORGE MORRISON,	HORACE BURROUGH,	
AND THE OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.		

So far this year it has been the financial side of athletics which has attracted most attention, and the money gained by the various enterprises set on foot for the relief of the Association is now impatiently awaiting the time when the base ball and lacrosse teams can disperse it to the glory of the Hopkins. The first movement inaugurated for monetary purposes was the raising of the dues of the Association from one to two dollars at the first athletic meeting held in October. Later on in the season a more daring enterprise was conceived for the same purpose by the organization of a minstrel troupe, which, it was hoped, would attract money into the treasury. This very commendable undertaking was conceived by, and executed, February 28, under the auspices of the Alpha Sigma Sigma Fraternity (?), a local secret society, who, by this achievement, demonstrated its right to existence. (This right had previously been somewhat doubtful.) The amount realized was \$200, and the greater part of this the Treasurer, after paying sundry small bills, placed in the sub-treasury. The performance was a "howling" success.

On the evening of March 14 the Athletic Association assisted itself by giving its usual winter athletic exhibition, and again the surplus was swelled, this time by the sum of \$140. The gymnasium was well filled by a gathering heterogeneous in sex and age (the ladies happened to be all young), but homogeneous in admiration of the young student athletes. The "homogenous" was, perhaps, rather in the minority, at least to us the room seemed filled with fair forms and soft glances. It has long been a mooted question whether upon such an occasion it is better to succeed in an athletic feat and thereby win the spectator's applause, or to fail and win their sympathy. A most successful compromise was to choose a middle course and fail only on the first trial. This was accomplished with great *naïveté* by a certain gentleman on the rings. Mr. Magoun and his class in Swedish movements were much appreciated, and broke the ice by appearing

first. Of the other events, perhaps the most exciting were the tugs-of-war. There were four teams entered, one from '90 and '92 each, one from the graduates and a fourth chosen indiscriminately from among graduates, specials and undergraduates. These were matched to pull in pairs, the victors to contest for the championship. The "exclusive" graduates first defeated the mongrel team, and then '92 followed suit with '90. The signal for the "drop" was very unwisely given silently, and owing to the '90 team misunderstanding this, '92 gained an insurmountable advantage at the start. Later, '92 met the graduates in the final tug and won after a very close pull, during which the mark fluctuated about centre. On the whole the exhibition was a great success, and lacking in objectionable features except the winning of the tug-of-war by '92 already referred to. Like evolution, the importance of this event cannot be fully grasped at first sight. Already are we beginning to feel the evil effects of such a success upon boyish characters too unformed to stand it.

The foot ball season was rather disastrous, as seen by the list of games played, and, besides defeats, was principally marked by rainy Saturdays. Our soakings, however, always came *during* the game. The defeats which were sustained on the one or two dry occasions have been attributed to our being "out of our element," our habits having become aquatic. In fact, facetious antagonists seem disposed to liken the moisture to the historical soup, and we accept the taunt temporarily. With Tennyson we have "dip into the future far as human eye can see" and we return pleased with the vision. The "coming" foot ball team promises to be a strong one, the only objection to it being its perspective. However, to use Howell's words, we hope it is "a perspective without a vanishing point."

It was fully intended last Spring to have "field-day" as usual, but time was allowed to slip by until examinations were upon us when it was out of the question. The extent to which interest in studies has been allowed to grow at the Hopkins, to the detriment of athletics, has long demanded attention. Owing, however, to the short time left to '90, we can only call the matter to your earnest consideration and trust to your judgment and promptness. This we do with all confidence, as we are told that '91 intends devoting much time to athletics next fall, especially to her foot ball team. A very charitable "undertaking" indeed—it is always praiseworthy to help the "poor." This Spring, field-day will not be allowed to pass by neglected.

The event which is of most interest this year to Hopkins athletics, as it were, "constitutionally," is the admission of our lacrosse team into the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association, the other members being Stevens, Princeton and Lehigh. This happy event was brought about by the delegation of Mr. Morris Brown to the meeting of the Association, where he accomplished his purpose of having the Hopkins

admitted to fill Harvard's place, and was, besides, elected secretary and treasurer of the Association, and chairman of the Executive Committee. It is safe to say that last year's lacrosse team was not appreciated, and its possibilities not realized. Our chances in lacrosse are undoubted our best, not being merely good relatively, but actually. This year's team will retain all the best players from last year and will be strengthened by the addition of several new, yet "old" players.

The only other athletic interest to be noted is tennis, the Tramp Club being considered in a separate article. Since 1887 the Hopkins has been a member of the Southern Lawn Tennis Association, and this year our delegate to its meeting, Mr. A. L. Browne, was elected to the Executive Committee. It was decided this year not to wait until Spring before holding a tennis tournament, but to hold one in the Fall on the brick court in the Gymnasium yard. This was a handicap contest, there being seven classes.

The seventh class was very small although its member was rather large. It was confidently expected that one of this class would win the tournament, the class itself sharing the expectation. But all prognostications proved false, and the class, in disgust, left in a body for Germany. A little piece of poetry has just been received which may be of interest in this connection. The poem seems to have been suggested by a familiar rhyme from Mother Goose, namely, that commencing:

"Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief," etc.

The metre, though not the sentiment, in the following is the same:

Otto was a dandy,
Otto was a "beaut,"
Otto played at poker,
Otto followed suit;
Otto took to foot ball,
Played it awfully rough,
Soon — eel he tackled,
Otto had enough.
Otto bought a racquet,
(Otto was a dove),
Otto played at tennis,
Otto played at "love."

Before closing the account of our athletics we wish to acknowledge the gift of the base ball suits by Mr. William S. Hilles to the nine. Mr. Hilles graduated last year, and has evidenced the interest which he still feels for his *alma mater* by his liberal present, besides the valuable example which he has set to future graduates.

And now the past has been "tended to," and we leave the future to the—we hope—competent keeping of the base ball and lacrosse teams.

THE MARCH KING;

OR, SWEET WILLIAM'S GOOD NIGHT.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Jimmy dear,
For to-morrow 'ill be the proudest day of all the glad new year.
Of all the glad new year, Jimmy, the proudest, bestest day;
For in the exhibition I'm to lead the Great Horse Play.

There's many a big, big calf, they say, but none so good as mine,
There's Whiskers W——, McC—ll—m and the Vestal spruce and fine,
But none with M-g M-g—n compares in all the land they say;
So in the exhibition I'm to lead the Great Horse Play.

There's many a big, big head, they say, but none so long as mine.
I often sit and wonder on the "turpitude of time."
But now I'm all a-tremble, if my nurse would only play
And sing to me the lullaby—"To Lead the Great Horse Play."

When I was in the "Gym" to-day whom think ye did I see?
Twelve maidens in the "opera box," who'd come to gaze on me.
'Tis said they're dying all for love, they come and gaze each day;
But that is only natural, for I'm to lead the Great Horse Play.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early Jimmy dear;
Now tuck me in, my bottle's there, I'll go to sleep, don't fear.
But if within the dead of night you hear the judgment day,
You'll know I'm only dreaming of the Great Horse Play.



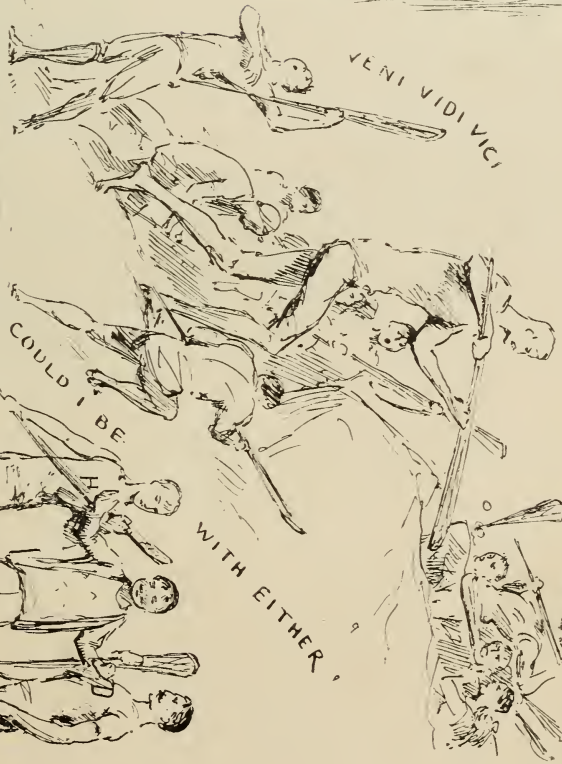




TACING THE FALL



VENI VIDI VICI



HOW HAPPY COULD I BE
WITH EITHER



VE VICTIS



LACROSSE TEAM, 1889.

Captain, B. M. Roszel, '89.

Manager, P. R. Moale, '89.

Trainer, Mr. Charles Ellard.

TEAM:

Cone, S. M., '90	Goal.
Penniman, T., '92	Point.
Hilies, W. S., '89	Cover Point.
Brown, T. M., '91.	}	Defense Field.
Watts, C. S., '90.		
Cameron, F. K., '90.		
Roszel, B. M., '89.	}	Attack Field.
Moale, P. R., '89.		
Lanier, B. B., '90.		
Symington, W. S., '91.	}	Homes.
Morrison, G. C., '90		
Friedenwald, '90.	Centre.

SUBSTITUTE:

William K. Williams, '86.

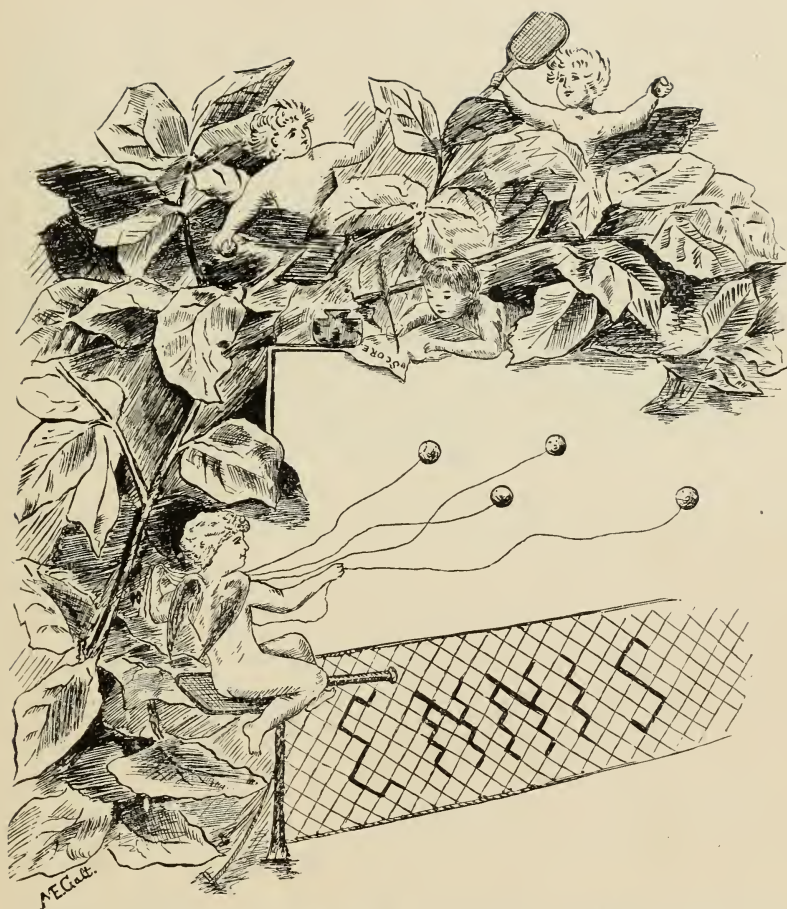
GAMES:

Hopkins vs. Lehigh, 6-0.
 Hopkins vs. Philadelphia, 2-2.
 Hopkins vs. Druids, 3-3.

1890.

Captain, B. M. Roszel, '89.

Manager, T. M. Brown, '91.



JOHNS HOPKINS BRANCH OF SOUTHERN TENNIS LEAGUE.

COMMITTEE:

J. A. Emery, '89, Chairman. A. L. Browne, '88. A. D. Atkinson, '92.

WINNERS AT FALL TOURNAMENT.

A. D. Atkinson, First Prize. S. H. Browne, Second Prize.

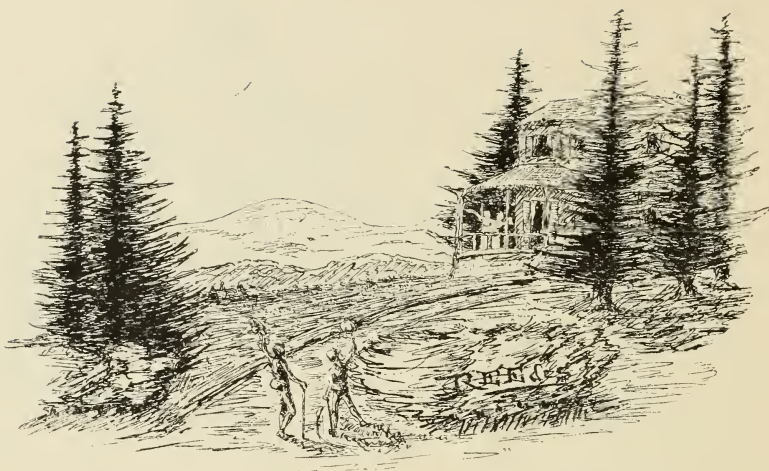
DELTA PHI TENNIS CLUB.

OFFICERS:

A. L. Browne, *Pres.* S. H. Browne, *Sec'y.* W. Whitridge, *Treas.*

MEMBERS:

S. H. Browne.	C. McH. Howard.	W. S. Symington.
A. D. Atkinson.	Benjamin Howard.	J. A. Emery.
A. M. Randolph, Jr.	A. L. Browne.	W. Whitridge.



THE TRAMP CLUB.

OFFICERS:

<i>President,</i>	CHARLES F. WOODS.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	O. WOODWARD ZEIGLER.
<i>Secretary,</i>	J. PHILIP GERRY.

MEMBERS:

C. Baldwin, '91.	D. D. Guy, '90.	M. Millikin, '89.
F. E. Brown '92.	R. G. Harrison, '89.	A. J. Shriver, '91.
M. Cameron, '91.	G. N. C. Henschen, Hon. '89.	G. L. Swigett, Grad.
S. M. Cone, '90.	W. S. Hilles, '89.	H. A. Warren, '89.
R. E. Edes, '89.	L. E. Jewell, Grad.	E. L. White, '88.
W. F. Gallaway, '91.	C. K. King, Hon. '89.	A. G. Wolf, '90.
J. P. Gerry, '90.	G. Lefevre, '91.	C. F. Woods, '91.
H. H. Glassie, '92.	C. C. Marden, Hon. '89.	J. H. Wright, '90.
O. W. Zeigler, '90.		J. Zug, Hon. '90.

The last able report of the Tramp Club having dealt with the requirements mental, moral and physical, it remains for the present to record only the Club's most famous and *infamous* Tramps.

Abroad, the Club Jester, having already covered about four hundred and fifteen miles along the Rhine, in company with the Club Interpreter, whose fine German accent is so remarkable, pro-

ceeded, to the best of his ability, to emulate the example of the patron saint of the Club, Enoch, who, it will be remembered, walked all his days with the Lord, by tramping through Switzerland with an Oxford divine.

At home, while the majority of the Club pride themselves on having achieved a few twenties, the minority have succeeded in making two memorable trips to Gettysburg, one of which, however, was assisted by the convenience of railroad trains. The Club Divine, bristling with Kernanic aspirations and adorned by the Club Jewel, broke the record, not the Club, by making sixty-nine miles in nineteen hours.

Mileage for the last year is:

Hilles, . . .	1,542	Harrison, . . .	343
Zeigler, . . .	967	Gallaway, . . .	327
Jewell, . . .	603	Warren, . . .	323
Harry, . . .	415	Edes, . . .	211

Uncle Sam, being opposed to tramps, has commissioned the Signal Service to distribute rains every Saturday, owing to the wetness of which the records for this year are obliterated.

6

THE LAST FIVE MILES.

"The last five miles!" The Tramp Club meant
 To reach the town ere day was spent.
 Five miles they'd tramped beyond a score,
 So now they hied to Baltimore.
 With longing thoughts of home they went.

No comfort was the "Tyro" lent—
 He knew—he felt each mile's extent—
 He lacked to reach the street car door
 The last five miles.

His groans within his breast he pent.
 The road was rough—his shoes were rent—
 He wished for wings that he might soar.
 The last was longer than the four—
 "Hurrah! we've done!" the cry seeks vent,
 "The last five miles."

FENCING CLUB, 1889-1890.

FOUNDED OCTOBER, 1889.

<i>President,</i>	GUSTAV L. STEWART.
<i>Manager,</i>	G. T. FILES.
<i>Secretary,</i>	J. E. HEWES.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	T. W. JOHNSON.

ACTIVE MEMBERS:

G. T. Files.	F. E. Howe.	L. E. Munoz del Monte.
J. E. Hewes.	C. W. Johnson.	E. B. Rawson.
J. H. Holmes.	T. W. Johnson.	G. L. Stewart.
	T. H. Symington.	



The · Editor's · Chair.

Through the world, on knowledge bent,
Travels now our President.

In the country of Osiris,
Where the Sphinx holds high its head,
There the Pharaoh of the Hopkins
Wanders by the Nile's old bed.

Dreams he then of ancient wonders,
Yet resplendent with the care
Of the Pharaohs in their glory,
Whose poor mummies still are there?

Or, in contrast to the ancient,
Does he turn a pleasant thought
To our country, for whose future,
All his hither life has wrought?

Thoughts of Hopkins, dreams of Egypt,
Intermingling, more and more,
Doubtless shroud our absent Khedive
By the lotos-bordered shore.



HOW '90 CREMATED THE CAP AND GOWN.

THE CAP AND THE GOWN.

A REMINISCENCE.

On the afternoon of Friday, October the eleventh, when the hands on the big clock of the engine-house tower pointed to exactly five o'clock, a spectacted youth, of an emaciated figure, and with hair trained to stand on end, stood on the platform in Hopkins Hall, between the busts of his esteemed contemporaries, Sidney Lanier and Charles G. Morris, and calmly surveyed a number of students, waiting in quiet anticipation of a lark. In his right hand was a flimsy silken garment and in his left was a queer-looking instrument ornamented with a tassel. The individual was Mr. S——, Cap and Gown Agitator. It was on this eventful occasion that the Cap and Gown movement was inaugurated.

After a preliminary twirl of the tassel and a glance at the clock.

The youth who bore 'mid jeer and frown
His sombre pet, the black silk gown,

recited to his amused hearers the advantages to be derived from its use; how more than one member of the Faculty had begged and implored him to place himself at the head of the noble move, and even offered to don his sample gown and appear in the streets with mask or domino. He could not stand their pitiful appeals, and the result was the following notice on the bulletin boards:

"Mr. S—— will talk in Hopkins Hall Friday at 5 P. M. Subject: 'The Cap and Gown; to be or not to be.' For men only, *i. e.*, '91 and '92 boys not admitted."

After reading this notice the speaker told his hearers how he had corresponded with nearly all the prominent business firms of the country, and now Posner had finally come to terms. The dignified audience then insisted upon the Agitator trying on his bargain, and not wishing to shock the counterfeit presentment of the poet and the professor, some one suggested that the Gymnasium be used as the dressing room. If Maggie objected she could hide her face in her apron.

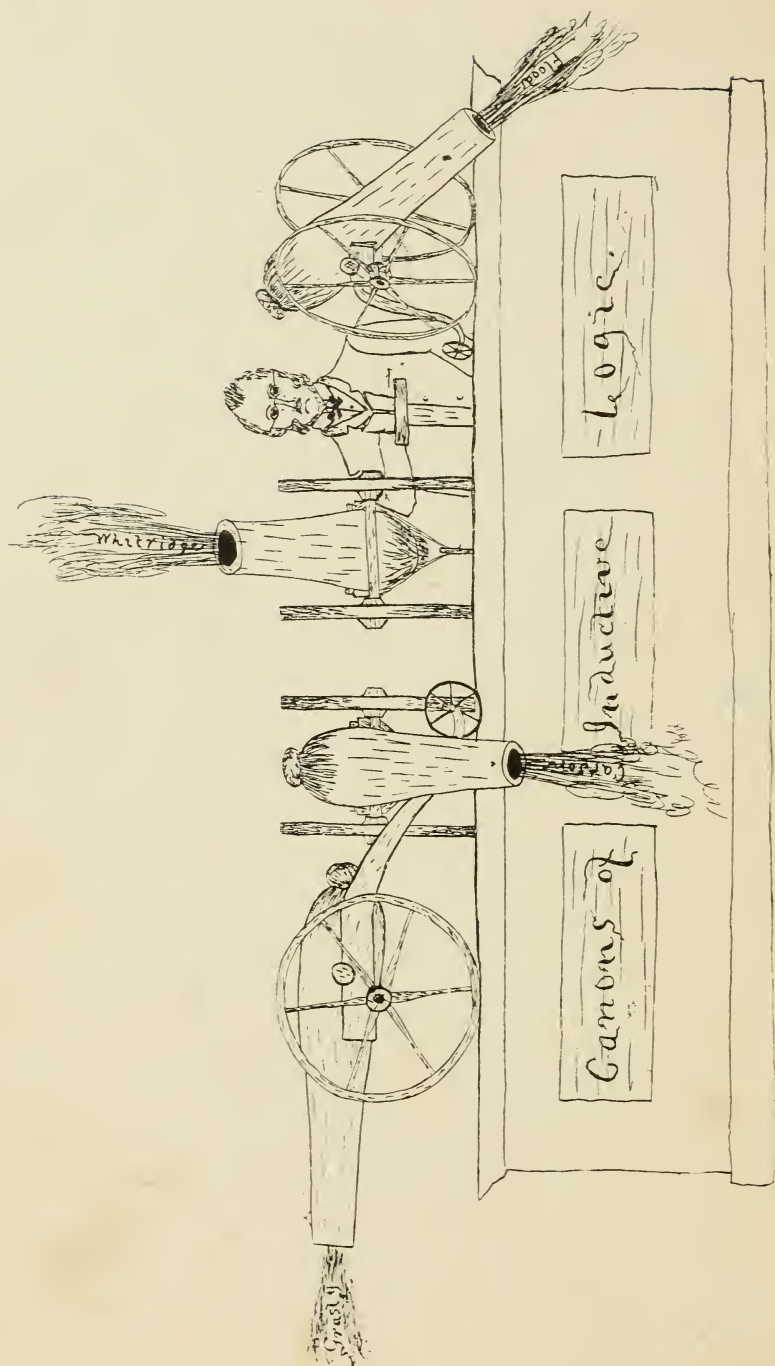
So the company filed into the James, which was full of athletes trying their strength. As Mr. S—— entered his eyes sparkled at the prospect of seeing "Whiskers" doing the giant swing thus robed; how cute Muldoon would appear during the great horse play; the gown's color would harmonize very nicely with Titwillow's raven locks; Jo-Jo's beard, it also occurred to him, would stand out in bold relief against its dark background. Mr. S. himself looked like Falstaff just going to bed. It was not long, however, before, ensconced on a piece of apparatus, he was haranguing the crowd on his favorite topic. He spoke thusly:

"The Cap and Gown will be a cosmopolitanizer. We will be acting upon the spirit of the Constitution of the United States—all men will be equal in the sight of Uncle Sam. Old breeches will be resurrected, old coats brought into active service. And then there's the Cap, with its nice, pretty tassel. Wouldn't Baldy revel in its acquisition, and how he would laugh to scorn his tormentors with this convenient covering." Then turning to the very fresh men present he vividly pictured them parading down Charles street in all the glory of a silken exterior; the sad havoc they would play with the little girl's hearts at the "Rose-bud" dancing class. At this point little Master Charlie Baldlose could restrain himself no longer, and rushed frantically toward the robed apparition, crying: "A pen! A pen! My rattle for a pen!" And making his mark, heaved a deep sigh as of duty done. Marks and signatures followed one another in quick succession.

Thus was the list of supporters begun and ended. I will save Mr. S. pain by refraining from telling how he visited each class-meeting in succession, exhibiting himself and the gown; how he laid siege to the students in private and in public, individually and collectively. But 'twas no good. Ninety disapproved. We knew him better than they did, and quietly, but firmly, kept our thumbs inverted, thus consigning a figure robed in a gown to the flames of oblivion; and his hoped by all lovers of customs and costumes to remain so.

THE MAID ACROSS THE WAY.

There is a little maiden
Who lives across our street,
The daintiest little lassie
You'd ever chance to meet.
But ah, that little maiden,
Who looks so sweet and kind,
Is just the cruellest lassie
You'd ever chance to find.
I often see her gazing
A dreaming in the street,
And strange to say our "gazes"
Are always sure to meet;
She sometimes smiles so sweetly,
That heaven seems in her eyes;
But yet again, ah, coldly,
My love she doth despise.
Oh, charming little lassie,
I cannot read your eyes;
Whatever can they mean to say
Such different replies?



A VISION INTERRUPTED.

Once in logic class so dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious note on syllogistic lore,
Sleep was softly stealing o'er me—far from logic class it bore me,
And strange visions rose before me, visions never seen before;
They were strange and mystic visions, which were never seen before,
Visions of the days of yore.

Ah, distinctly I remember! It was in the bleak December,
When each near examination cast its shadow on before.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly had I sought to borrow
From my notes surcease of sorrow for this dry and dismal bore,
For this dry and dismal subject, which the students call a bore.
This it is, and nothing more.

And the sad and oft imprudent answers of each tired student
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I sat repeating,
Like some ancient sat repeating verses of the days of yore,
Dear old "Barbara Celarent," rhythm of the days of yore,
Which is sung for evermore.

Deep into my dreamland peering, long I sat there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no student ever dared to dream before;
Cloudy heavens seemed around me, and no force to earth now
bound me,
Soon high in the sky I found me with logicians gone before,
With the famous Aristotle, and the glorious men of yore—
Nameless here for evermore.

Then the clouds drew back before me, onward still my fancy bore me,
And I saw the Goddess Logic, as she ruled in days of yore.
On a high throne she was sitting, round about her spirits flitting,
At her feet "Faksoko" sitting, he her page for evermore,
And the Goddess to the spirits gave commands for evermore,
Only these and nothing more:

"Go to every race and nation, and to every rank and station,
Teach them counter-indication, and the syllogism's lore;
This on earth shall be your mission: giving terms their definition,
Proving every proposition from the premise gone before;
And the five inductive methods oft repeated o'er and o'er,
Only this and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Science," said I, "of induction, Mother of inductive lore"—
Scarce my lips the words had uttered, when my brain within me
fluttered,
And a voice without me muttered in a tone oft heard before,
Which from dreamland quick recalled me to the logic-room once
more.
'Twas a voice, but something more.

For to *me* that voice was speaking, and of *me* an answer seeking
To a question, which I had not in my dreaming heard before.
"Sir," said I, "Professor, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But, the truth is sleep was o'er me, when your question rose
before me,
Will you please repeat it for me? This I ask and nothing more."
Quoth Professor, "Nevermore."



A TRAGIC FARCE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WILLARD EWING, a poetical young man.

LILLIE BRADFORD, a prosy young lady.

Scene: Among the rocks at the seashore.

WILLARD.—Is it not beautiful here with the ocean at our feet, wafting its gentle murmur upward to our ears on the playful zephyr? What more could mortal wish than to live forever here, with the sky as one's roof and the ocean as one's companion?

LILLIE.—Would you wish nothing more? No heart to sympathize with you, no mind to appreciate your genius, no loving hand to—to—

WILLARD.—To smooth my pillow? No, is not nature all sufficient, mother, sister, wife, companion? A woman would but check my spirit with her petty cares and sorrows. A poet must be unhampered in spirit; his the life of freedom to soar aloft in song.

LILLIE.—Ah, but do not even the skylarks mate? Is not love the sweetest topic for the poet's muse?

WILLARD.—A love ideal, not real; the face seen but in dreams, the lips pressed but in thought—these are the artist's inspiration. But even such themes pale before the worship of nature, the love of flowers and the song of birds. "For what heart can declare that pleasure existed while passion was there?"

LILLIE.—Oh, Mr. Ewing, you, who are a poet, teach me what you think of nature and—love. Repeat me some of your own verses.

WILLARD.—Well, I have just been making a rather interesting study, and one of much importance to myself. I have hitherto been undecided what author I should choose for my model, whose school I should follow; but I have at last decided. I have taken some song from each great poet and written on the same theme myself, thus seeing whose genius was nearest akin to mine by the similarity of our productions. But I shall let you judge whom you think most resembles me.

LILLIE.—Oh, but I am so ignorant of poetry.

WILLARD.—Yes, but you can learn. Now my first selection is from Tennyson, whose melancholy so touches the heart. I have taken his poem which commences:

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me,

Now mine starts thus:

Fall, fall, fall,
Niagara fall through the air!
And I would that thy ear could gather
The words that I bellow there.

Oh, well for the Newfoundland boy,
That he shouts with his sister Kate!
For Canada showed her teeth,
And he goes on gathering bait.

What do you think of that as a sample?

LILLIE.—Oh, I think its beautiful. But, may I ask from what artistic motive you say “bellow?”

WILLARD.—Well, you see, I might have said “holloa,” but it wouldn't have been quite as strong, so to speak, nor so realistic, and you know that I am before all things realistic. Now, when I say “bellow,” I mean also to imply the fact that when thus employed I feel like a calf, so you see the intrinsic appropriateness of the word. Another point, too, I think very strong in the poem, is my allusion to the fishery question. Just see:

“For Canada showed her teeth,
And he goes on gathering bait.

What effect do you think that will have upon the administration?

LILLIE.—I can't imagine. But have'nt you finished the poem?

WILLARD.—Oh no, I may some day when I'm hard up for money, but I'm only doing it as a study now. The next author I took was Browning. I hardly expect you to understand this production at the first reading; I didn't myself. You see in one's ordinary mood one doesn't understand what one has written in one's Browningsque mood.

LILLIE.—Oh, but was that true of Mr. Browning himself?

WILLARD.—Undoubtedly! But to proceed with my "pomgranate," so to speak, which, "when cut right down the middle, shows a human heart within." I have taken his "Caliban upon Setebos," which starts:

'Will sprawl, now that the heat of day is best,
Flat on his belly in the pit's much-mire,
And, while he kicks both feet in the cool slush,
And feels about his spine small eft-things course
Run in and out each arm, and make him laugh;
And talks to his own self, howe'er he please,
Touching that other, whom his dam called God;
Because to talk about Him, vexes—ha,
Could he but know! And time to vex is now,
When talk is safer than in winter time.

Isn't that beautiful? Now mine is as follows:

He'll wriggle, owing to the nothingness
Of human apperception in the scale
Of analytic comprehension of
Theogony within the loam of craft.
And much bemired road bed
Of the contumelious peregrinations
Of antiquity within the realm
Of Christian Altruism.

LILLIE.—Oh, do go on!

WILLARD.—I cant; at least not for a day or so until I have done some more reading on the subject. There is only one more poem left. This time I have taken Byron as my model, but have not bound myself to any particular poem. I have simply sought to catch his spirit. I call this production

SILENT LOVE.

Oh, didst thou know the tale of love
That's graven on my heart,
Ah, couldst thou read my words aright
We should not silent part.

Thine eyes that spoke to mine of love,
Yet knew not what they sent;
The soft caresses of thy voice,
Caresses all unmeant,

The gentle pressure of thy hand,
Where mine so passive lay;
All these have made a willing heart
Of silent love the prey.

Thou go'st and I shall say farewell,
But thou shalt never know
The tale that's graven on my heart,
The tears that softly flow.

Why, you are crying. Oh, don't cry, Lillie. What shall I
do if you cry?

LILLIE.—Comfort me!

WILLARD.—(After a pause) I've been thinking, Lillie, that perhaps
after all, dream faces and fancy kisses are not the best.

LILLIE.—And I've been thinking, dear, that you had better take Byron
as your model.

FINIS.



A MARCH MEDITATION.

A scarcity of window-glass
Affects this place, it seems,
And memories of his last bath
Make wierd the athlete's dreams.

He does not mind the icy flood
That trickles down his hide,
But he dreads the howling, Arctic blast
That roams the room outside.

He plies his towels with all haste,
And dreads he'll catch his death;
And as the undiminished puffs
Of Boreas' frigid breath

Congel the water on his skin,
And the blood inside his veins,
He doubts the mild announcement
"The trustees have spared no pains."

BACKING FORWARD.

We insert the following from the Baltimore *Sun* of February 23, 2000:

"Yesterday being Washington's birthday, the Johns Hopkins University celebrated the one hundred and twenty-fourth anniversary of its foundation with ceremonies of unusual interest. The exercises were held in the new audience hall, covering nearly two blocks, which was completed last December, and used yesterday for the first time. As is well known, Mr. Gerrett Platt Wynans, seeing the University's urgent need for such a building, generously built and presented to the Trustees this spacious auditorium. The site of the building embraces the vacant land on which the Convent of the Visitation at one time stood, and also the garden formerly encircled by a high brick wall. The University collection of newspaper clippings contain many amusing and interesting accounts of how the undergraduate students used to sit in the windows of the old Sanskrit Building which faced on Hopkins avenue (then Howard street), and flirted with the convent's day scholars. But those good times are no more. The platinum hands of the big electric clock on the dome of the new hall pointed to just fourteen o'clock when the long line of sombre-robed seekers after science passed through the marble portals of the building, and in less than two hours were all seated. The students looked well in their new costumes, a different cut for every academic degree, and called to the minds of many old men present the stories their grandfathers used to tell them of an attempt to introduce the feature into the University more than a century since. The chief marshal of this long procession was Professor Heartsick and he had as his assistants the Fellows and Fellows by Courtesy, now increased to three hundred. The Trustees, Faculty, Directors, Supervisors, and guests personally invited, together with about forty thousand alumni, having been met at the doors by ushers and escorted to their comfortable reclining seats, the University President took his seat, all present having risen. The ushers appeared resplendent in the new uniform of their existing military organization, which, by-the-by, is in a most flourishing condition. The exercises were opened by the Hon. Belva Keywood, the petite little Presidentess of the United States. Her Excellency was most flattering in her remarks, dwelling long on the work done by the Washington branch of our noble University. The Presidentess is one of the Faculty of the Capital branch, lecturing every Friday on 'Women's Cruelty to Men' and other phases of the all-absorbing Men's Rights question.

"Our distinguished and eloquent visitor was followed by the President of the University, various heads of departments, sub-departments, branch departments, and ending with the President of

the Anti Vivisection Society, Professor H. Newhall Marting. Brilliant music from the University band was rendered between each address. After the exercises the guests were served with a sumptuous repast, the *menu* in part consisting of pickled robins' tongues, frogs' eyes, and other delicacies, we cannot see how our nineteenth century ancestors could have devoured with such vividity the hind legs of the frog, but we must remember that people ate with their fingers in the good old times of Queen Bess. As a beverage a most delicious wine was served made from grapes, the vine of which twined around the North Pole.

"The report of the President of the University, Dr. Williams Foote Browne, who is a lineal descendant of the Dr. Brown who so gracefully dispensed the courtesies of the library when the University was in its infancy, was encouraging in the extreme. He said in part: 'The original work done by the students has far exceeded that of any previous year. In the Department of Biology eighteen additional nerves have been discovered in the eye of a shoo-fly, and other work is being carried on, we hope, to an equally successful termination. The Chemical Department has not been behind hand in the struggle for knowledge and the race for enlightenment. Professor Hirah Ramsese has received great aid in his work from the liberal and enlightened President of the Central African Republic, which he has been able to turn to excellent account in discovering the fourth and only remaining molecule not known to chemical science. It has been named the 'Americanus.' America may now laugh Germany to scorn with her baby 'Germania,' a baby no longer, and meet Norway and France on an equal footing in the scientific arena. These countries having discovered three-fourths of the molecule family, have ever chided America on her inability to add the fourth.' The report then spoke of the work accomplished in the Department of Physics, and made the announcement that Professor H. A. Sailwater, after many years of patient toil, had been able to photograph, measure and weigh a smile issued from the phonograph. There is a very interesting story connected with this smile. It was as far back as the year 1889, when a Professor Marting was lecturing on physiology to the Class of '90, which turned out such celebrated men. In an unguarded moment the Professor accidentally and quite unintentionally smiled. It so chanced that one of the students, happening to have a phonograph at his side at the time, caught the curiosity on the fly, and the coil has been kept among the University archives ever since. Space will not permit me to dwell at length on the President's account of the original manuscripts manufactured in the Historical Department, under the supervision of Professor Eves, nor the progress accomplished in the other departments. The electric railway for transferring students from one building to another is quite completed, and will be used for the first time on Founder's Day. The President

finished his admirable report by urging all connected with the institution to redouble their efforts in the struggle for learning, and paid a witty and graceful tribute to each member of the Faculty.

"By a remarkable coincidence the *Sun* representative who reported the above bears exactly the same name as our Johns Hopkins correspondent in 1889-90."

MINOR LATIN.

In a chair by a table a pallid student
Muttered "Livy, Tit. Livy, Tit. Livy,"
And I asked him how was it he seemed so intent
Upon Livy, Tit. Livy, Tit. Livy.
"Is it weakness of intellect, student?" I cried;
Or a very tough verb that you can't get inside?"
With a shake of his tousled-up head he replied,
"Tit. Livy, Tit. Livy, Tit. Livy."

He gnawed at his nails as he sat in that chair,
Groaning, "Livy, Tit. Livy, Tit. Livy,"
And with bad Latin adjectives blue was the air
Around Livy, Tit. Livy, Tit. Livy.
He sobbed and he sighed and he tore at his hair,
Then he hurled himself into a huge "dictionaire,"
And an echo arose as it closed on him there
Of "Livy, Tit. Livy, Tit. Livy."

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Livy, Tit. Livy, Tit. Livy,
That 'twas worry of intellect made him exclaim
"Oh Livy, Tit. Livy, Tit. Livy."
And if our lessons ever grow longer, then I
Shall perish as he did and Smith will know why,
And I think very likely I'll moan when I die
Oh Livy, Tit. Livy, Tit. Livy.

SOME RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ANCIENT LITERATURE.

The extracts below are taken from the earliest daily paper in existence. The *Acta Diurna* or *Daily News* was published in Rome every morning and, as far as one can see from the fragment left, was used as an advertising medium very much after the manner of our modern newspapers. The first thing I noticed was an account of a "Pilae pedalis ludus," which as near as I can discover means a "Foot-ball game." It runs about as follows:

PILAE PEDALIS LUDUS.

PRINCIPIS-URBS VICTOR. 14 ad 4.

Ludus delectantissimus pilae pedalis heri actus est inter Principis-urbem et L. * * altum * * barbatus.

Tres actores laesi sunt et unus ex agro expulsus ob foedus * * * * Paulus J * * D * * * magnum ludum egit. Per ludum * * * * dixit viro contra se, "Quid tibi nomeni est" dixit alter, "Caminus," "Si Caminus sit tibi nomeni, ego fumarios exte excutiam." * * * *

I suppose some translation of this will be necessary for those who don't understand Latin. The one I give below is the one excepted by all the prominent scholars of the present day.

FOOT-BALL GAME!

PRINCE-TOWN VICTORIOUS. 14 to 4.

A very interesting game of foot-ball was played yesterday between Prince-town and L—high. Mr. Jo-Jo Aurelius Whiskers being the umpire. (This being the only gentleman in antiquity with the title of Barbatus.)

Three players were disabled and one ruled off for slugging. * * * Paul J. D * * * played a great game.

During the game * * * said to the man opposite him, "What's your name?" and the other said "Furness." * * "If your name's Furness, I'll knock the smoke-stack off of you." (This last little anecdote is introduced to silence those who claim that foot-ball is more brutal than it used to be.)

Passing on to the advertisements I find the following very curious and interesting one:

ROMANUS VOLGO VS. LARENTINUS.

"M. Kilo et J. Clarksonius in Volgo Romano erunt, empti magnipreſi. Spectatores orantur ne iudicem occidat neque throw stones at, etc. (This is a mere conjecture, the original being torn).

The Roman B. B. nine versus the Larentine. M. Kilo and J. Clarksonius will be in the Roman nine, their releases having been bought at a high figure. Spectators are requested not to kill the umpire nor," etc.

From this we see that the Romans called a base-ball nine a vulgus or, literally, a hard crowd. Kilo is supposed to be the name from which the modern Kelly is derived.

The antiquity of this document is proved by the using of the ancient volgo instead of the more modern vulgus. On the opposite side of this same page is a column headed "Felicitates" or jokes. The first one of which, I am sorry to say, has descended even to the present day. It runs as follows:

"Cum porta est non porta." Responsum "Come nigra est or when it is a negress.

This little joke shows that the ancient Romans were not entirely devoid of humor.

The *Acta Diurna* had no society column, but there is every reason to believe from circumstantial evidence that the "Nocturna Acta" or "Nightly Going-ons," had quite an extensive one. One very interesting column was the one corresponding to our modern "Personal" column. One of these read as follows:

"Conveni me in viridario proxima nocte. Mater et pater aberunt apud amicos in urbe. CORDELIA." Which means: "Meet me in the park to-morrow evening. Mamma and papa will be visiting in the city."

One thing which I must mention is a story which appeared in in the *Nocturna Acta* of August 26, 55 B. C.

COLLIS FABULA.

"Fuit olim in Latio *Collis* in quo Brownus et Mater Junia agebant. Brownus habuit septem filios. Itaque Matris Junia septem filii filias Browni dux erunt et omnes abierunt."

The rest of this has been lost in ages past and all efforts to discover its meaning have been unavailing.



CLASS STATISTICS.

The number of men in the class is forty-eight, including honorary members and special students. Over thirty will graduate.

POLITICS.—Thirty are Democrats, thirteen are Republicans, three blushing said they were Mugwumps, and one is a Prohibitionist.

HEIGHT.—The class average is 5 feet 9¾ inches. The tallest man (W. B. P.) is 6 feet 2 inches, and the shortest man (M. A. A.) is 5 feet 2 inches.

AGE.—The class average is 21 years 7 months. The three oldest men are 24 years and the youngest (A. R. O.) is 18.

WEIGHT.—The class average is 144½ pounds. The heaviest man (J. P. G.) weighs 180 pounds. The lightest (J. E. S.) weighs 120 pounds.

GAMES.—Twenty-one play tennis, ten foot-ball, nine base-ball, seven lacrosse, and the rest applaud.

WHISKERS.—There are twelve moustaches, three beards (including the one on the face of the Russian representative) and seven side-whiskers. The remainder resemble their grandmothers.

STATES.—Thirty-two are from Maryland, five are from Pennsylvania, two are from Washington, D. C., two are cosmopolitan, and Missouri and Delaware are each represented by one.

PROBABLE VOCATIONS.—Twenty will be lawyers, eighteen physicians, four ministers, three chemists, two are doubtful, three journalists, two merchants, one a surgeon, one a morphologist and one a teacher.

All visit "Russells" except the four ministers and one journalist (H. H.) None have been married—publicly, and none admit being engaged.

NICKNAMES.—Aggie, Slick, Delly, Billy (2), Cask, Baldy, Specs, Deacon, Rooster, H—l's Delight, Chaucer, Jo-Jo, Doctor, Pokie, Jimmie, Donce, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Wild Oscar and Shylock.

SCIENTIFIC DIVISION OF '90.

A few words for this hard-working corps of the Class of '90. Although not so much heard of as the other divisions of our well-beloved class, it is not so much on account of lack of work as lack of numbers. It is a well-known fact that the number of students in Group III has always been less than that in Group VI; but they have always been hard workers, and who doubts that they still are? They work with a spirit and zeal not equalled by many, as their work can prove. You seldom pass by the Biological Laboratory without seeing a number of students hard at work—one eye at the microscope, the other—it don't matter where.

There is a peculiar attraction about this scientific course, especially the Major Biology, as some few of our historical students can attest.

There's Watts his name comes in every morning to look at specimens, and after having taken a Cask in at Rus-Sell's, returns to work with more fiery zeal.

Poor C— complains that there is too much diversion in the corner seat by the windows, and F—, having a compassionate heart, places himself regularly every morning between him and the window, of course for objects of research.

Marden, generally so quiet, gets quite excited when C's cousins and other cousins pass down the street. Even Dr. W's unexpected examinations do not have such a startling effect.

The Ba-d Joe Club is represented in a corner of the laboratory by President Johnson and hard-working Joe Knower.

Stokes, too, becomes musical when it gets too dark to work, singing "Cuckoo, Cuckoo." He is always ready to come see something *dandy* when Lanier beats on the table.

It don't take one man long to find out when another discovers a pretty object in his macro- and microscopic examinations. The ordinary quiet of the room is disturbed now and then by "one who is always Wright" arguing with the Doctor that Schaefer is off, or when he persuades Professor Applegarth that he was only "making facetious remarks."

Stokes, always in dead earnest, will be remembered for the discovery he and Applegarth made together of a distended gland in the dog's abdomen.

Oppenheimer will quarrel with the Doctor, but they have made up, and Hoppy got one.

But the Biological Lab. is too narrow for some of us and too small for others, and, being very progressive, we took up quarters at the Hospital to give science the benefit of what we learned at the

'Varsity. How we do astonish Dr. C. by our profound knowledge—we often tell him things he never knew. It was very nice of him to praise Caskin's drawings, but when he took it upon himself to criticise Cask's method of using the microscope we draw the line, for we all know of the famous section Caskin made for Dr. Martin on the last exam. Drs. C. & W. have united in making a doctor of Faustulus.

Wright does not need their aid to acquire fame, for the theory he put forth about the analogy between hirsute appendages and cilia of ciliated epithelium, shows he has the imagination of a born scientist.

After all our hard work we need recuperation, and therefore we stop on our way home at a wayside inn and do the thing *a la* Guy and Shipley in their best days. After a draught or two, with hearty good will, we proceed homeward improved in *spirits* and with pleasant anticipations of days to follow, when we shall do much to the credit of ourselves, class and *Alma Mater*.

WAISTFUL.

SCENE: Fourth course at a brilliant dinner in Mrs. Fritterbrain's dining-room.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

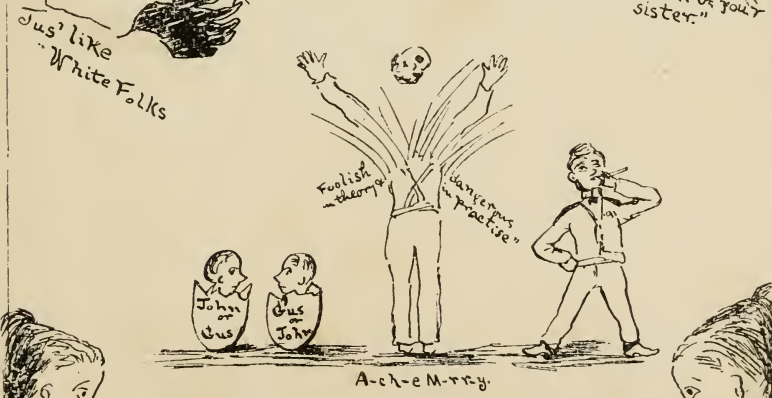
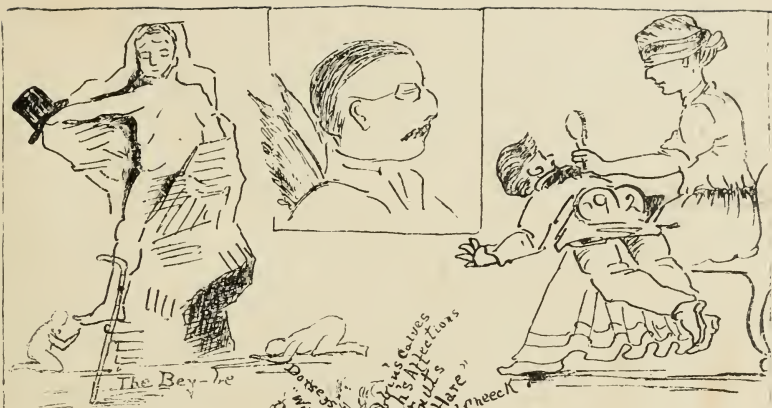
Mr. Fritterbrain, a man of leisure, living on inherited capital.

Mrs. Fritterbrain, visibly perturbed.

Guests, of stereotyped order, excepting on Mrs. F.'s left hand an escaped political economist, aggressively out of element, and on her right a brainy, yet languid worldling.

Escaped Political Economist (explosively down the table): Believe me, there is no injustice equal to that which prompts a man's living without work on inherited capital; the thoughtful soul must revolt at so great a waste.

Languid and Brainy Worldling (adjusting eyeglass): Then, sir, if I understand, we are to think of the thoughtful soul as a disciple and follower of small waists.



QUEER QUOTATIONS.

- BR-WNE: "Of all our parts, our eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness." *Herrick.*
- BRY-N: "Yond' Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."
Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.
- R. E. C-RS-N: "He that putteth his trust in the Lord shall be
made fat." *Proverbs, xxvii., 25.*
- W. H. C-RS-N: "But even the very hairs of your head are all
numbered." *Luke, xii., 7.*
- C-SK-N: "There be three things which are too wonderful
for me—yea, four, which I know not: The way
of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent
upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of
the sea; and the way of a man with a maid."
Proverbs, xxx., 18-19.
- C-NE: "Modest merit has a double claim to acceptance."
Hughes.
- C--K: "Like Ichabod Crane, was long drawn out."
Washington Irving.
- F--ST: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine
own mouth." *Proverbs, xxvii., 2.*
- FL--D: "Neither shall there any more be a flood to
destroy the earth." *Genesis, ix., 11.*
- FR-D-NW-LD: "I am so fresh that the grass turns green with
envy as I pass." *From Nature.*
- G-RRY: "Beautiful as sweet! And young as beautiful!
And soft as young! And gay as soft!
And innocent as gay!"
- GR-Y: "I am old and gray." *1 Samuel, xii., 2.*
- G-GG-NH-M-R: "Ha! Ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme."
Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar, Act iv., Sc. iii.
- G--Y: "'Tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away."
Or—
"A little curly-headed good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth."
Byron: Don Juan.
- H-ss (his legs): "Though lost to sight to memory dear."
George Linley: Song.
- J-HNS T-N: "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your
ears." *Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.*

- K-CH: "From all such devils, good Lord deliver us."
Prayer Book.
- KN-W-R: "And Noah begat three sons." *Genesis*, vi., 10.
- L-N-R: "Innocence and ignorance are sisters." *Novalis.*
- L-CHH-M-R: "O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew."
Shakespeare: Hamlet.
- M-RD-N: "Nature has framed strange fellows in her time."
Shakespeare.
- M-RR-S-N: "The whining school-boy with his satchel
And shining, morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwilling to school."
Shakespeare: As You Like It.
- HM: "He was a man of an unbounded stomach."
Taken from Life.
- PP-NH-M-R: "The horse-leech hath two daughters."
Proverbs, xxx., 15.
- P-C: "Is this a dagger which I see before me?"
Shakespeare: Macbeth.
- P-W-LL: "The human soul is a question point from the
cradle up." *Bishop Foster's sermon before the
Hopkins Y. M. C. A., 1890.*
- SN-WD-N: "Beware of false prophets." *Matthew*, vii., 15.
- ST-K-S: "Bearded like a pard and full of strange oaths."
Shakespeare.
- STR-S: "Though defeated, he would argue still."
Goldsmith: Deserted Village.
- STR-SS: "When you fall into a man's conversation, the
first thing you should consider is whether he
has a greater inclination to hear you, or that
you should hear him."
Steele.
- W-TTS: "What's the matter with Watts? He's all
(W)right!" *Campaign Literature.*
- WH-T-L-CK: "O, thou foul foot-ball player!"
Shakespeare: King Lear.
- WH-TR-DG: "Trust not too much to an enchanting face."
Virgil.
- W-LF: "A sheep in wolf's clothing." *From Life.*
- W-LFF: "I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood! I only speak right on."
Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.
- WR-GHT: "Whatever is, is right." *Pope: Essay on Man.*
- Z-GL-R: "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."
Every-Day Happenings.

THE SONG OF THE FAIR SPECTATORS.

"SALAPUTIUM DISERTUM." CATULLUS LIII.

We look out of the window, more than half way up the wall,
And watch the gymnasts swing and turn and vault and never fall,
And the gorgeous Scandinavian business fills us with alarm,
For we fear the students, or their clothes, may come to dire harm;
But one sight compensates us for all terrors, dreads and shocks:
That lovely little fellow on the cherry-colored box.

He is a sort of solo in the poetry of motion,
Though the chorus of his pupils is like a tossing ocean;
Where not one wave bobs up or down in any sort of time
With any other single wave, his arms keep up their rhyme
And he's like the figures that you see in advertising clocks,
Is that partly-grown-up creature on the cherry-colored box.

We revere him, we adore him, and our heartstrings throb and beat,
When we gaze upon him standing there, so dapper and so neat;
Like lone Horatius at the bridge, or a puppet worked by strings,
Or a jumping-jack upon a stick, or several other things;
The magnetism of him makes us come and gaze in flocks
At his Microscopic Niblets on the cherry-colored box.

His choice of movements is to us a source of joy and wonder,
And the stamping of his class is often like a peal of thunder;
But we wish he'd do the frog act too, and squat down toward the ground,
And bend his limbs and flippers and gently hop around;
And let us see when resting on his toes inside his socks,
How very tall he isn't off his cherry-colored box.

Some Hopkins men are jealous of him and they stand and stare
And wish that they were in his place and elevated there,
But they shouldn't call it horse play, for "horse" will never do;
He's much more like a pony or a baby kangaroo,
And our hearts against our loving ribs make taps and thuds and knocks
When we watch the tiny being on the cherry-colored box.

CLASS UTTERANCES.

Professor, (In Logic class)—Mr. L—r, if you found that ninety per cent. of the persons following a certain occupation die before the age of thirty-five, what inference would you be justified in making?

Mr. L—r.—I should think that it was a very unhealthy occupation.

Professor.—If Socrates was born in 469, and lived seventy years, when did he die?

Student (promptly).—539, sir.

Professor (in Logic).—What is the logical opposite of white horse?

Student (aside).—Red-haired girl.

The hour in Chemistry has been taken up with a talk on Sulphuric Acid. C—n and L—r are leaving the room together.

C—n —Was not that talk dry this morning?

L—r.—Of course, sulphuric acid always absorbs moisture.

Professor.—Mr. W——, what would you say about this?

Mr. W.—What page is that, sir?

Professor.—Who next persecuted the Christians after Nero?

Student.—Democletian.

Professor E.—Mr. C——, does this method extend *ad infinitum*?

Mr. C.—Further than that, it seems to me.

First week in the Laboratory.

Student.—Doctor, is the hole in this filter paper large enough?

Question in Psychology Examination.—Show that forgetfulness is a condition of memory?

Answer (on paper).—————.

Student claimed that this showed it.

Mr. A—— had just broken a mortar in the Laboratory, when Professor R——, who happened to notice it, said:

"Isn't that mortifying?"

Thereupon A—— was excused for the rest of the day to recover.

Professor.—Mr. Jo-Jo, arguing from *enumerationem simplicem*, what would an inhabitant of Europe, six or seven centuries ago, have said if a traveler had said that he had seen a black man?

Jo Jo (who has been thinking of Russia).—He'd conclude that all men were white.

Student (prompting).—You lie.

Professor.—Mr. W——, what are the secondary qualities of matter?

W.—The secondary qualities of matter are the non-sensical properties of matter.

Professor.—Quite (W)right.

Professor.—Mr. K—ch, have you something in your mind?

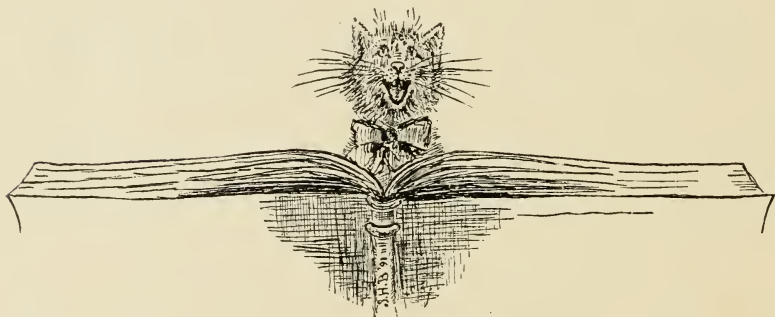
Mr. K—ch (suddenly waking up).—No, sir.

Professor.—You know, gentlemen, that the theory was that the fortunes of the child were much influenced by the stars in whose ascendancy it was born.

Mr. H—ss.—Professor, suppose the child was born in the daytime?

Professor.—For instance, to take a very homely case, Mr. Wolf.

Non paratus dixit Chaucer
Quaerens with a troubled look.
Omne rectum Moore respondit,
“Nihil” sepsit in his book.



GRADUATION DAY.

Hail, thou Class of Eighteen Ninety,
'Tis thy graduation day.
For the last time now we gather,
While our parting words we say.

We have learned to love the Hopkins
For the care which she has shown
To her sons, o'er whom she watches
In a manner all her own.

We have learned to love the comrades
Whom we met while we were here.
We have come to prize their friendship,
And shall hold their memory dear.

So, for us the Class of Ninety,
Who have struggled hand in hand,
Graduation is the parting
Of our true and loving band.

Now, my comrades, we are gathered,
And the last adieus must say;
For, though friendship bids us linger,
Duty calls us, "Quick! Away!"

May our thoughts of by-gone pleasure
Banish those of present pain,
While we once more stand together,
And we shout the glad refrain.

Ninety, Ninety, dear old Ninety,
How we love to speak the name;
May her sons in future seasons
Tinge it with a glow of fame.

And, wherever we may wander,
Northward, southward, east, or west,
Let us ever think of Ninety
As of all our years the best.

THE END



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ENGLISH.	LATIN.	HEBREW.	SPANISH.	FRENCH.	ITAL.	PORTUGESE.
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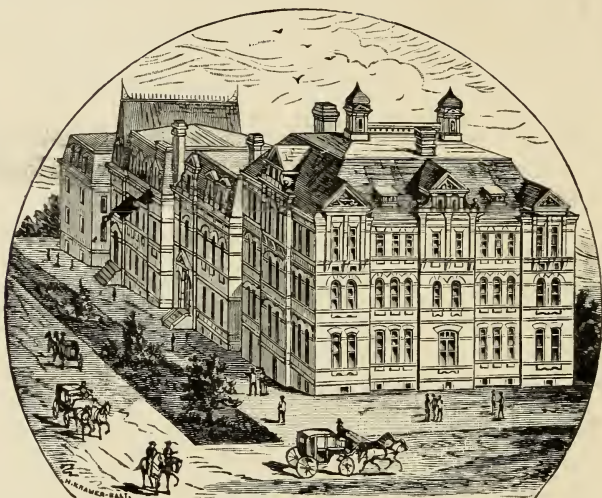
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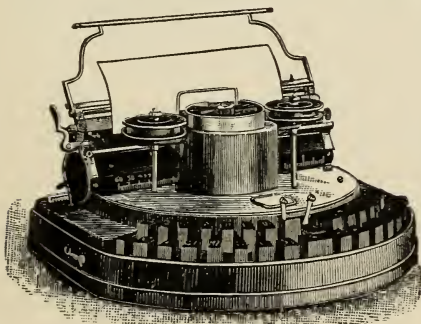
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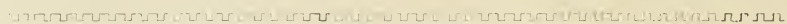
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